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HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON; FROM THE BUST BY NOBLE.

WELLINGTONIANA:

Anecdotes,

Maxims, and Characteristics,

OF THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

SELECTED BY JOHN TIMBS,
Editor of "Laconics," "Popular Errors Explained," &c.

Colossal Statue of the Duke, at Edinburgh, by Steell.

LONDON:
INGRAM, COOKE, AND Co., 227, STRAND.
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LITTLE need be said by way of introduction to this attempt to assemble within the compass of a small volume the characteristics of a noble life, alike memorable for length of days and brilliancy :

"Long trails of light descending down."—DRYDEN.

It may, however, be as well here to state what I have attempted; so that the Reader may hereafter determine with what success I have availed myself of the superabundance of materials which common industry and exercise of memory have placed at my disposal.

All that I can hope to have accomplished within limits so disproportionate to the grandeur of the Subject as this little book must be considered—is the anecdotic illustration of the most salient Points of Character in the career of the illustrious man whom the world has just lost.

In the First division, I have sought to show by instances fit but few how far the child has been "father to the man."

In the Second division, it would have been idle to attempt to personify the splendour of Wellington as a Soldier in long sustained narratives of his great achievements; but each bristles with serried points, like the battle-fields themselves; and these I have striven to collect and bind together.*

In the Third section I have sought to show the leading Characteristics of the Duke in Statesmanship, strongly marked, like every phase of his life by love of truth in purpose, and straightforwardness in action :

"The sage in council, and the brave in strife."

In the Fourth section—"The Duke at Home," the Reader

* The excellent Military Memoir, by André Viesseux, quoted in this Section, originally appeared in Knight's "Store of Knowledge," 1841.

may see him in the palatial Aspley House; next, in the retirement of Stratfieldsay, and the quiet exercise of the higher virtues which adorn the character of the English country gentleman; and thirdly at Walmer, almost within sight of the land from which the Hero gathered his glory, and within whose castle walls the Soldier-Statesman breathed his last.

In the "Laconics," selected from the Duke's Despatches, Speeches, and Correspondence, I have attempted in a few instances to exhibit the quality of his noble mind, which was not so much *movere jocum* as to impress with emphatic and pithy sayings; of which it has been well observed that "the relish with which they have been caught up, and the amusement they have afforded, even when they were not complimentary or even agreeable, proves the estimation of the man who could say and do what he liked."—(*Times.*)

In the remaining section of miscellaneous Anecdotes, besides the *personnel* of the Duke, I have incidentally described a few of the public Honours and Rewards which he received from admiring contemporaries; though he has left behind him a far less perishable testimonial in his good and great name. "The Duke of Wellington enjoyed to the last an old age as green and fresh as its imperishable laurels. *He did not live to stand for a moment in the shade of his own glory.* Without anything intervening to dim or obscure its lustre, he leaves his example to the pride and gratitude of his country, and his greatness to the contemplation of the world." (*Examiner*, Sept. 18, 1852.)

My editorial duty in this little work has been lightened by the hope of contributing, however humbly, to extend the knowledge of this fact—that the great principle of the Duke's life was his respect for Truth, which he observed himself with the same earnestness that he admired it in others: and we know that the best homage we can pay to virtue is its practice.

J. T.

LONDON, *Oct.* 25, 1852.

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WELLINGTONIANA.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

THE REAL BIRTH-PLACE OF THE DUKE.

IF proof were wanting of the difficulty of writing with accuracy the history of contemporaries, it might be found in the fact that the day and place of the birth of the Duke of Wellington are disputed.

Among all the columns that stand in honour of the great Duke, the pillar erected by the gentry of Meath, in their

county town, Trim, is by far the most graceful and picturesque. This handsome memorial the gentlemen of the county of Meath raised in the fulness of their pride and the certainty of their faith, that he, whose very name is a sound of glorious victory, was born amongst them—that Dangan Castle, the old fortress of the Fitz-Eustaces, the Geraldines, and the Plunkets, had been the congenial birth-place of the hero. Are they wrong?

It is asserted, with equal confidence, that the Duke was born in St. Andrew's parish, in Dublin, at the Earl of Mornington's residence, Mornington-house, No. 114, Grafton-street, now her Majesty's Stationery Office, opposite the Provost's dwelling, Trinity College. Mr. M. Martin states that the fact was so told him by the Duke's brother, the late Marquis Wellesley.

The following notice, from an Irish journal of the year 1769, is by some thought to be corroborative on the subject:—"Births.—In Merrion-street, the Right Hon. the Countess of Mornington of a son."—*The Dublin Mercury*, May 2nd, 1769.

Weak evidence and conjecture only. "The Duke was born at the Earl of Mornington's residence in Dublin," says one person, because he heard it from another person of some more weight than himself. This at best is that kind of proof called secondary evidence, so readily rejected by lawyers. Then comes the register of the baptism, which, oddly enough, shows that they who were so positive as to place, were at any rate wrong as to time. The Duke, they assert, was born in Dublin on the 1st of May, and they adduce a register which tells that he was baptised there on the 30th of April. Their very proof shows that he was not born in Dublin on the 1st of May. As to the weight, too, to be given to the register, Mr. Phillipps, in his able work upon the Law of Evidence, says, "the register of itself does not prove the fact of birth in the parish," for one obvious reason, among others, viz., that it records the baptism and not the birth. The birth must have taken place before—where, the baptismal record does not say.

In the case of the Duke of Wellington, nothing is more possible or probable than that he was born in Dangan Castle, and taken some time afterwards to the baptismal font in Dublin—a city at not twenty miles distance. This solution is confirmed by the general reputation positively pointing to Dangan; and be it observed, this testimony of general reputation (which the Column of Trim maintains with regard to the Duke) is admitted by Mr. Phillipps in matters of pedigree. Lastly, the following evidence, suggested by a Mr. Ryan, of Dublin, would seem to set the much-mooted question beyond further doubt. Mr. Ryan says:—

"A petition was presented towards the close of the year 1790, to the Irish House of Commons, which prayed that the return of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley for the borough of Trim should be deemed null and void, that hon. gentleman not having attained his majority before his election for the borough referred to. Same was, in the usual way, referred to a committee, before which the following testimony was given by a female of the name of Daly (if my memory from reading the report serves), who was produced to negative the averment on which the petition was founded:—'I remember having attended the Countess of Mornington during her accouchement in March, 1769, and was present in her Ladyship's room in Dangan Castle when the Hon. Arthur Wellesley was born; I do not remember the day of the month; he was, therefore, twenty-one years old last March.' This, I fancy, is conclusive on this question; and any one sceptical upon the subject, may satisfy themselves by a reference to the report of the minutes of the proceedings of the Trim Election Petition, 1790-91. See Parliamentary Reports (Ireland) for that year."

The date of the birth of Wellington has also been the subject of misapprehension, even on the part of the late Colonel Gurwood, the Editor of his Grace's *Despatches*. In the registry of St. Peter's parish, Dublin, the entry of his Grace's baptism has been lately found, which proves him to be a day,

if not more, older than he is thought to have been. The entry is:—

"1769. April 30.—Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington. Baptised."

And immediately beneath is the attesting signature of "Isaac Mann, Archdeacon." Dr. Mann was consecrated Bishop of Cork and Ross in 1772, and occupied that see until his death in 1789.

An existing autograph letter of his mother, however, bears testimony that the Duke was born on the 1st of May.

A BATTLE NOT IN THE "DESPATCHES."

The Duke and his brother, the Marquis Wellesley, passed much of their boyhood at Brynkinalt, in North Wales. On one occasion, they met a playfellow, David Evans, and his sister, returning from school, when Arthur commenced a game at marbles with the boy, while his sister walked on. Presently, her brother called her to his assistance, as Arthur, he said, had stolen his marbles, which he refused to give up. The girl insisted, and then came the struggle. Arthur was about twelve years old, and his brother older; the girl about ten, and her brother two years younger. The battle now began between the girl and Arthur, who soon dropped his colours, handed over the marbles, and beat a hasty retreat, with tears in his eyes. Meanwhile, Arthur's brother stood at a distance, inciting the fight, but taking care to keep out of it. The Marquis, when in India, wrote to David Evans, and reminded him of their games in boyhood; and the Duke, in 1815, when passing through Denbighshire, inquired at Brynkinalt for David Evans, and recognised him as his old playfellow; but they never saw each other again. David and his sister are stated in the *Observer*, (to which journal this communication has been made), to be still living at Brynkinalt.

THE DUKE AT SCHOOL AT CHELSEA.

In the *British and Foreign Review*, published in 1840, we find the following information derived from a schoolfellow, whose accuracy may be relied on: "When about ten years old, his Grace was under the tuition of the Rev. William Gower, at Chelsea. His health was indifferent, but improved as he grew up. Mere occasional attacks of illness produced an indolent and careless manner, and often a great degree of heaviness. Unlike boys of his age, he was never seen to play, but generally came lagging out of the schoolroom into the playground; in the centre of it was a large walnut-tree, against which he used to lounge and lean, observing his schoolfellows, who were playing a variety of games around him. If any boy played unfairly, Arthur quickly gave intelligence to those engaged in the game: on the delinquent being turned out, it was generally wished that he should supply his place, but nothing could induce him to do so; when beset by a party of five or six, he would fight with the utmost courage and determination, until he freed himself from their grasp: he would then retire again to his tree, and look about him, as quiet, dejected, and observant, as he had been before." *See the Illustration* at page 1.

THE DUKE AT ETON.

His Grace, when at Eton, lived at Mrs. Raganeau's, who kept one of the best boarding-houses in the place. There he took Lord Douro and his brother; and when looking over his bedroom, after making a number of inquiries, the Duke descended into the kitchen, and pointed out to his sons where *he had cut his name on the kitchen-door*. This interesting memento has been inquired for by many persons visiting Eton since the Duke's death; but it is believed to have been removed in some repairs of the boarding-house many years since; and the Duke, at one of his visits, expressed his annoyance at its

disappearance. Very little seems to be recollected of the Duke at Eton College. As he left before he was in the fifth form, his name was not cut in the upper school when he went away. In the lower school it was cut upon a post, but afterwards erased; and about twenty years since, in some alterations, this post, with some other old materials, was cleared away.

The traditions of the Duke in the school are, that he was a spirited, active boy, yet rather shy and meditative. The late facetious Bobus Smith, when Arthur had conquered wherever he had fought, used to say,—"I was the Duke of Wellington's first victory." "How?" "Why, one day at Eton, Arthur Wellesley and I had a fight, and he beat me soundly."

"When still at Eton," says a Correspondent of the *Examiner*, "I have been told that Lord Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, and the Duke, were invited to pass their holidays with Lady Dungannon, in Shropshire, and being full of fun, asked each other what news they should tell when they arrived? One of them proposed that they should say—a pure invention—that their sister Anne had run off with the footman, thinking it was likely to produce some sensation. This they accordingly did, and shocked Lady Dungannon most dreadfully; they entreated, however, that she would not mention the circumstance to any one, hoping, as they said, that their sister might come back again. Lady Dungannon now excused herself, having promised to pay a visit to her neighbour, Mrs. Mytton; and, unable to keep this secret, of course told it to her. On her return, she nearly killed them by saying: 'Ah, my dear boys, ill news travels apace! Will you believe it? Mrs. Mytton knew all about poor Anne!' This story is worthy of Sheridan, and if he had heard it he would certainly have introduced it into one of his plays."

The Duke remained at Eton only a short time. His mother, Lady Mornington, then took him abroad; but finding him troublesome in the carriage, dropped him at Douay. Here, luckily, there was an artillery school and arsenal, and as the

town is fortified and protected by a fort on the scarpe, and was also taken by Marlborough, these circumstances may in some measure account for Arthur's early military taste. Lady Mornington did not see him for two years after this separation, and when he returned to England recognised him at the Haymarket Theatre, saying, "I do believe there is my ugly boy Arthur."

Between the illustrious brothers of the house of Mornington, had any one speculated on the future career of both, how erroneous would have been the conclusions! At his first school, Wellesley gave certain promises of a distinguished manhood; Wellington did not; and yet how easily can this be reconciled! The taste and fancy that afterwards produced the senator, were germane to the classic forms of Eton; while those mental properties which alone can constitute the soldier, like metal in a mine, lay dormant until time betrayed the ore, and circumstances elicited its brilliancy.

"As an old Etonian," writes the *Examiner* Correspondent, "I went down to be present at Lord Wellesley's funeral in Henry VI.'s Chapel at Eton, and was in the organ-loft when I saw the four brothers standing at his grave—the Duke with a calm, serene, but serious look, a short black military cloak over his shoulders, and not the sign of a ribbon or star to be seen. Ten years have elapsed, and he, the last of his family, is now numbered with the dead."

ROYAL DESCENT OF THE DUKE.

One of the most interesting facts connected with the Duke of Wellington's ancestry is, that his Grace descended, in an unbroken line, from the Royal house of Plantagenet, and was consequently of kin, though remotely, to Queen Victoria. This Royal descent may be thus explained:—

EDWARD I, King of England, had by his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, several children, of whom the eldest son was King EDWARD II., and the youngest daughter, the Lady ELIZABETH PLANTAGENET, wife of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, Constable of England.

King Edward II., as is of course well known, was direct ancestor of the Royal Plantagenets, whose eventual heiress, the Princess Elizabeth of York, daughter of King Edward IV., married King Henry VII., and was mother of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from whom QUEEN VICTORIA is eleventh in descent.

Reverting to the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I., and wife of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, we find that she was mother of a daughter, Lady Eleanor de Bohun, who married James, Earl of Ormonde, and was ancestress of the subsequent Peers of that illustrious house. Pierce, the eighth Earl of Ormonde (sixth in descent from the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet), left, with other issue, a daughter, Lady Helen Butler, who married Donogh, second Earl of Thomond, and was mother of Lady Margaret O'Bryen, wife of Dermod, Lord Inchiquin, and ancestress of the later Barons of that title. The Hon. Mary O'Bryen, daughter of Dermod, fifth Lord Inchiquin, married Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and had by him a daughter, Eleanor Boyle, who became the wife of the Right Hon. William Hill, M.P., and grandmother of Arthur Hill, first Viscount Dungannon, whose daughter, Anne, Countess of Mornington, was mother of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, who was, through these descents, nineteenth in a direct unbroken line from King Edward.

THE DUKE RELATED TO COLLEY CIBBER.

A Correspondent of *The Times* adduces the following evidence to show that the celebrated actor and dramatic writer, Colley Cibber, and the illustrious Duke of Wellington, could claim he honour of descent from, in all probability, the same progenitors. That his Grace's family emigrated to Ireland in the reign of Henry VII., is no objection; since a branch might still have remained in Rutlandshire and become extinct, as related by Cibber, who, in his amusing autobiography, says :—

"My father, Caius Gabriel Cibber, was a native of Holstein, who came into England some time before the restoration of King Charles II. to follow his profession, which was that of a statuary, &c. The 'basso relievo' on the pedestal of the great column in the city, and the two figures of the lunatics, the raving and the melancholy, over the gates of Bethlehem Hospital, are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

My mother was the daughter of Mr. William Colley, of a very ancient family of Glaiston, in Rutlandshire, where she was born. My mother's brother, Mr. Edward Colley, (who gave me my Christian name), being the last heir male of it, the family is now extinct. I shall only add, that in Wright's *History of Rutlandshire*, published in 1684, the Colleys are recorded as sheriffs and members of Parliament, from the reign of Henry VII. to the latter end of Charles I., in whose cause chiefly Sir Anthony Colley, my mother's grandfather, sunk his estate from 3000*l.* to about 300*l.* per annum.

THE DUKE'S DESCENT FROM THE WESLEYS AND COLLEYS.

It has been often stated that the Duke of Wellington's grandfather succeeded by will to the property of the Wesleys or Wellesleys of Dangan, and had no descent in blood from that family. This is not correct. Catherine Cusack, who married Sir Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery, and was direct ancestress of the Duke, was daughter of Sir Thomas Cusack, of Cussington, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose mother was Alison, daughter of William Wellesley, of Dangan. The name was originally written de Welesley, and subsequently became corrupted into Wesley. The late Marquis Wellesley resumed the correct orthography.—(Obligingly communicated by Mr. J. BERNARD BURKE.)

THE DUKE IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Sir Jonah Barrington relates, that going one evening into the gallery of the Irish House of Commons in 1793, being accompanied by a friend who knew the persons of all the members, a young man, dressed in a scarlet uniform, with very large epaulettes, caught his eye; and on inquiring who he was, "that," replied Sir Jonah's friend, "is Captain Wellesley, a brother of Lord Mornington's, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord-Lieutenant."

The *Dublin Evening Post* relates: "the first act of his life was eminently, and, so to speak, prophetically Irish—of course we speak of his public life. He was a member of the Irish

House of Commons in 1792 and 1793—and he had the singular good fortune to move the Address to the Crown in answer to the Lord Lieutenant's speech. That speech contained a paragraph about the advisability of relaxing the penal laws against Catholics; and, in coming to this paragraph, the young aide-de-camp was most vehement and emphatic in his panegyric on its policy. This man, in his old age, was the Prime Minister in whose administration the final measure was consummated."

THE DUKE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

When Lieut.-Col. Wesley (for thus the Duke originally wrote his name) first arrived in India, in February, 1797, the Governor-General was Sir John Shore (soon afterwards Lord Teignmouth), to whom young Wesley brought a letter of introduction from the Marquis Cornwallis; and it is amusing now to notice the guarded, though complimentary, terms in which the Marquis couched his recommendation. The letter is dated "Whitehall, June 10, 1796," and is as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wesley, who is Lieutenant-Colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man, and a good officer, and will, I have no doubt, conduct himself in a manner to merit your approbation."

Sir John Shore seems to have very promptly and acutely discerned the true character of the young soldier. The present Lord Teignmouth tells us that, at their first interview, at a levee, Sir John turned quickly round to his aides-de-camp, as Colonel Wesley retired, remarking: "If that officer should ever have an opportunity of distinguishing himself, he will do it, and greatly." He was a frequent guest at the table of Sir John Shore, who, in after-life, often adverted to the union of strong sense and boyish playfulness which, he said, was at that time a peculiar characteristic of his young friend.—*Military History of the Duke of Wellington in India.*

THE WELLINGTON TREE, AT WATERLOO. (SEE PAGE 53.)

THE DUKE IN THE BATTLE-FIELD.

PROMPT WORK.

ONE of the splendid triumphs of the invasion of the Mahratta country, in 1802, was the conquest of Ahmednuggur, in which Colonel Wellesley, just gazetted a Major-General, displayed his wonted decisiveness of action. This fortress is one of the strongest in India, and is built of solid stone and chunam, surrounded by a deep dry ditch, with large circular bastions at short intervals; and armed with three or four guns in casemated embrasures, with a terrace above, and loop-holes for musketry. The bastions are unusually lofty; the curtains short and low, with loop-holes in their narrow ramparts for

musketry. The guns (some sixty pieces) upon the bastions were numerous, ranging in their calibre from twelves to fifty-twos; but the casemates were too confined to allow their being effectively employed. The glacis was so abrupt as to cover nearly thirty feet of the walls, affording shelter for an enemy, if they could only get close to the place. This formidable place of arms was carried by assault in the most splendid style imaginable—and the surrender of the fort followed that of the city. The reduction of such a place was certainly a most gallant exploit, and "Gooklah, a Mahratta chief, residing in our camp," says Colonel Nichols, "with a body of horse, wrote thus to his friends at Poonah—'These English are a strange people, and their General a wonderful man. They came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah walls, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast! What can withstand them?'"

The strong fortress of Ahmednuggur was taken by a most gallant escalade; in the thick of the assault, General Wellesley saw a young officer who had reached the top of the "*very lofty wall,*" thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. The General had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed by the fall; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young man, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him, offered to attach him to his staff as brigade major, and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even down to the conquest of Paris, continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to observe that the first time he had seen him was *in the air:* this young officer became Sir John Campbell, Knight, Commander of the Bath, Major-General in the army, and Governor of Nova Scotia.

THE DUKE'S "ONLY FAILURE."

The following version of this affair is related by Lieut.-Colonel Mackenzie, of the Madras Engineers, who was then attached to Colonel Wellesley's division, and who accompanied him during the action.

"Shortly after the investment of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley, who commanded the Nizam's detachment, was ordered to dislodge the enemy from the ground intended as the scene of operations during the siege. The night appointed for this duty was particularly dark. Pushing on rather too eagerly with the light company of the 33rd regiment, which had, by these means, got separated from the main body, he came suddenly on a work of the enemy's, who opened a heavy fire; when the light company finding themselves unsupported, retreated rather precipitately, leaving Colonel Wellesley and Captain Mackenzie by themselves. In this predicament, they endeavoured to regain their division; but in the attempt, owing to the darkness of the night, they quite lost their way, and it was not till after groping about for some hours, that they succeeded in rejoining the British camp, but without their division. Having proceeded to head quarters, to report the state of affairs, Colonel Wellesley, hearing that General Harris was asleep, threw himself on the table of the dining tent, and being much fatigued with the night's labour, fell fast asleep. The next in command had, in the interim, after the repulse of the head of the column, and the loss of the commander, thought it prudent to proceed no further, and made the best of his way back to the camp with the rest of his division. Arriving at the tent of the Commander-in-Chief, to make his report, he was surprised to find his missing superior asleep, as above described. This affair, of course, made considerable noise, and things were whispered about not at all to the advantage of Colonel Wellesley; while it is supposed the Commander must have partaken of this feeling

towards the Colonel, otherwise he would not have ordered General Baird to undertake the attack which had failed the preceding night. General Baird, however, most handsomely requested that Colonel Wellesley might again be appointed to the duty, as he was convinced that the circumstances which had caused his failure were purely accidental. Colonel Wellesley was, accordingly, directed to make an attempt the night following, and succeeded ; yet so poisonous is the breath of slander, that it required years of victory entirely to wipe away the impressions then received, from the minds of those who are more ready to listen to evil than to good report.

"For my own part, (says the writer,) before I heard Colonel Mackenzie's version of the affair, I was of opinion that the fact of Colonel Wellesley's having fallen asleep on General Harris's table in the way he did, was a sufficient proof that he had not acted disgracefully ; for who, under that conviction, could have had his mind sufficiently at ease to yield himself up to sleep, if ever so overcome with fatigue. Besides, any imputation of deficiency of courage must equally have applied to Colonel Mackenzie, whose bravery and *sang froid* in action were proverbial. This circumstance is a proof how much easier it is to make a breach in a soldier's reputation, than to repair it ; for, it is more than probable that, had not Colonel Wellesley been so nearly allied to the Governor General, he never would have had a chance of getting over this affair." *

WELLESLEY AT SERINGAPATAM.

After the siege and capture of Seringapatam, in 1799, one of Colonel Wellesley's first cares as commandant was about certain wild beasts which Tippoo "the Tiger" had kept as pets in his palace. On the morning of the 5th of May, he wrote to General Harris :—"There are some tigers here,

* From "Twelve Years' Military Adventures : 1802—1814." 2 vols. 1829.

which I wish Meer Allum would send for, or else I must give orders to have them shot, as there is no food for them, and nobody to attend to them, and they are getting violent." A little later in the day, he wrote to Harris:—"I wish you would send the provost here, and put him under my orders. Until some of the plunderers are hanged, it is vain to expect to stop the plunder." On the afternoon of the same day, he despatched another note, saying,—"Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad; and, until the provost executes three or four people, it is impossible to expect order, or, indeed, safety." But on the morning of the 6th he was enabled to write to his commander:—"Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead." His exertions had been incessant, and his humanity to the inhabitants could not have been surpassed. He went himself to the houses of the principal families, and posted guards to take care of them. The provost-marshal had hanged four marauders, and an end had been thereby put to plundering.—*Despatches*, vol. I.

Captain Moyle Sherer assures us that "the memory of all these services, and more particularly of those which he rendered to the terrified and desolate natives in the moment of our triumph and their distress, is cherished by the aged inhabitants of Seringapatam with a grateful feeling, with which we are unwilling to disconnect the after successes of Colonel Wellesley's life."

The Colonel had not long been military commandant of Seringapatam, ere he devoted his attention to the finance, coinage, and exchanges, and showed an aptitude for general business which led his brother, the Earl of Mornington, to say: "I believe Arthur's great strength to be rather in the civil than in the military line."

Now that death has closed his career, and a mourning nation are assembled around his bier, the voice of truth must admit

the eulogy of the historian:—"Wellington was a warrior, but he was so only to become a pacificator; he has shed the blood of man, but it was only to stop the shedding of human blood; he has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblems of mercy; he has conquered the love of glory, the last infirmity of noble minds, by the love of peace, the first grace of the Christian character."

COURAGE AND HUMANITY AT ASSAYE.

The campaign of Assaye, which brought to a close the Mahratta war of 1803, presents us with several striking points of the bravery and humanity of the victor's character. From an elevated plain, he saw not only the infantry, but the whole Mahratta force, consisting of nearly 50,000 men, encamped on the north side of the Kaitna river, the banks of which were very steep; the right, consisting of cavalry, was about Bokerdou, and extended to their corps of infantry, which was encamped near the village of Assaye, with ninety pieces of artillery. General Wellesley determined on attacking the infantry on its left and rear. He moved his little army to a ford beyond the enemy's left; leaving the Mysore and other irregular cavalry to watch that of the enemy, he crossed the river with his regular horse and infantry; and, having ascended the bank, formed his men in three lines, two of infantry and the third of cavalry. This was effected under a brisk cannonade from the enemy's guns. Scindiah (the enemy), at the same time, made a corresponding movement in his line, by giving a new front to his infantry, which was made to rest its right on the river Kaitna, and its left upon the village of Assaye and the Juah stream. His numerous and well-served cannon did fearful execution among the British advancing lines, and drowned the weak sound of their scanty artillery. General Wellesley, seeing this, gave orders to abandon the artillery, and the infantry to charge with the bayonet. The

charge proved irresistible on the right and centre of the enemy; the British took possession of the guns, and the enemy's infantry gave way. But the British right suffered a very severe loss from the guns at the village of Assaye, and the enemy's cavalry, seeing the gaps thus made in the ranks, charged the 74th regiment, when Colonel Maxwell, with the 19th Dragoons, rode to its rescue, and drove back the assailants with great loss. The native infantry in the British service proceeding too far in the pursuit, many of the enemy's artillerymen, who had thrown themselves down among the carriages of their guns, as if they were dead, turned their pieces against the advancing infantry; and at the same time several of Scindiah's battalions formed themselves again, thus placing the sepoys between two fires. Colonel Maxwell charged and dispersed those battalions, but he lost his life. The 78th British regiment, which was on the left of the line, remained firm with unbroken ranks in the midst of the confusion, and contributed greatly to check the enemy. General Wellesley led the regiment in person against the village of Assaye, where the enemy made the stoutest resistance, but at last gave way. It was near dark when the firing ceased. The enemy retired in great disorder, leaving behind the whole of his artillery, ammunition, and stores. Colonel Stevenson arrived on the field after the battle, and undertook the pursuit.

The loss of the British and native united army in this splendid victory consisted of 22 officers and 386 men killed, and 57 officers and 1526 men wounded, in all nearly one-third of the force engaged, exclusive of the irregular cavalry. The enemy left more than 1200 dead and a great number of wounded on the field of battle. General Wellesley had two horses killed under him, and his orderly's head was torn away by a cannon-ball as he rode beside him.

The battle of Argaum was next fought and won by the British, which exploit concluded the campaign. In the following February (1804) General Wellesley crossed the Godavery

to put down the independent freebooting parties which were carrying devastation though the West Deccan. Following them rapidly from hill to hill, he gradually dispersed them, and took their guns, ammunition, and baggage. The fatigue attending these operations was such that General Wellesley, after a lapse of many years, still spoke of it as the most laborious service in which he had been engaged. Peace was thus restored to the peninsula of India.

In March, 1804, General Wellesley paid a visit to Bombay, where he was received with marked honour and loud acclamations, and an address of the British inhabitants of the settlement was presented to him, as a commander "equally great in the cabinet as in the field." The British inhabitants of Calcutta voted him a sword of the value of 1,000*l.*, and the officers of the army of the Deccan presented him with a service of plate of the value of 2,000 guineas, with the inscription—"Battle of Assaye, September 23, 1803."

On the 24th of June, 1804, General Wellesley broke up the army in the Deccan, in pursuance of orders from the Governor-General; and in the following month he returned to Seringapatam, where he received from the native inhabitants an affecting address, in which "they implored the God of all castes and of all nations to hear their constant prayer, whenever greater affairs might call him away from them, to bestow on him health, glory, and happiness."—*Despatches*, vol. iii. p. 420.

It may be here observed that during the whole of his career in India, as afterwards in the Spanish peninsula, General Wellesley, ever firm and just, showed himself always inclined to humanity and mercy whenever they could be exercised without detriment to justice or to the safety of others. His despatches contain numerous instances of this disposition, of which we quote one, because the expression is characteristic. The Peishwa, whom the English had helped to restore, like most Indian princes, knew nothing of forgiveness, being

"callous to everything but money and revenge." General Wellesley interposed to screen from his vengeance Amrut Rao and others. "The war will be eternal," he thus concludes one of his despatches, "if nobody is ever to be forgiven; and I certainly think that the British government cannot intend to make the British troops the instruments of the Peishwa's revenge. You must decide what is to be done with this person (Baba Phurkia). I have ordered him to quit the Nizam's territories and not to come near this army. The answer of the vakeel is natural. It is, 'where is a man to go who is not allowed to remain in the territories of the Company or of the Company's allies?' When the power of the Company is so great, little dirty passions must not be suffered to guide its measures."

During several years that he held the command in Mysore, General Wellesley was fully occupied in organising the civil and military administration of the country; and in the execution of this task he improved his natural talents for business, military and civil, in all their details, and displayed that quickness of perception, and that sagacity and self-command, which have characterised him throughout the whole course of his military career. From the beginning also he paid particular attention to the wants of his soldiers, to the regularity of the supply of provisions, to the management of the hospitals, and to all the particulars of the Commissariat and Quarter-master-General's departments, which constitute half the business of an army; and, to use his own words, if neglected, "misfortune and disgrace will be the result." In the mean time also, by his justice and humanity, and the strict discipline that he maintained among the troops, he acquired the entire confidence of the native population: "choosing rather, for a sign and memorial of his triumphs and victories, to erect trophies and monuments in the hearts of the vanquished, by clemency, rather than by architecture in the lands which he had conquered."

THE BATTLE OF VIMIERO

Sir Arthur Wellesley, in a letter addressed by him to the Duke of York, thus speaks of the merits of the men and officers who had fought under him at Vimiero :—I cannot say too much in favour of the troops ; their gallantry and their discipline were equally conspicuous ; and, I must add, that *this is the only action that I have ever been in, in which everything passed as it was directed, and no mistake was made by any of the officers charged with its conduct.*"

WELLESLEY'S HUMANITY AT THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

The passage of the wide and rapid river Douro, in 1809, in broad daylight, with most defective means of transport, and in presence of 10,000 French veterans, has been considered as one of Wellesley's finest achievements. He lost only twenty-three killed and ninety-eight wounded. Soult's loss was considerable, and though he carried many away with him, he left in Oporto 700 wounded and sick. These would have been butchered by the Portuguese but for Sir Arthur's considerate and active humanity. No sooner was he in possession of the city than he issued a proclamation, in which is this memorable passage :—" I call upon you," said he, " to be merciful. By the laws of war, these Frenchmen are entitled to my protection, *which I am determined to afford them!*" He also wrote to Marshal Soult requesting him to send some French medical officers to take care of his sick and wounded, as he could not spare his own army surgeons, and did not wish to trust to the practitioners of the town of Oporto. He assured Soult that his medical officers should be restored to him so soon as they had cured the wounded ; and he proposed a cartel, or mutual exchange of prisoners. It is believed that Soult would have responded, but he could not control the ferocity of his troops, driven frantic by their reverses and sufferings, and the vengeful, merciless attacks of the Portuguese peasantry.

Soult had to retreat through a mountainous country: he left the road strewed with dead horses and mules, and with the bodies of French soldiers, who were put to death by the peasantry before the advanced-guard of the British could come up and save them. By their own conduct the French had provoked this retaliation. "Their soldiers," said Sir Arthur, "have plundered and murdered the peasantry at their pleasure; and I have seen many persons hanging in the trees by the side of the road, executed for no other reason, that I could learn, excepting that they had not been friendly to the French invasion and usurpation of the government of their country; and the route of their column on their retreat could be traced by the smoke of the villages to which they set fire."

So unlooked-for had been this retreat, that Sir Arthur is said to have partaken in Soult's quarters of a dinner which was preparing for the Duke-Marshal when the fighting began.

THE DUKE AT TALAVERA.

Napier describes this stirring scene. The Spanish camp was full of confusion and distrust. Cuesta inspired terror, but no confidence; and Albuquerque, whether from conviction or instigated by momentary anger, just as the French were coming on to the final attack, sent one of his staff to inform the English commander that Cuesta was betraying him. The aide-de-camp charged with this message delivered it to Colonel Donkin, and that officer carried it to Sir Arthur Wellesley. The latter, seated on the summit of the hill which had been so gallantly contested, intently watching the movements of the advancing enemy, listened to this somewhat startling message without so much as turning his head, and then drily answered—"Very well, you may return to your brigade," and continued his survey of the French. Donkin retired, filled with admiration of the imperturbable resolution and quick penetration of the man.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE PORTUGUESE CAMPAIGN OF 1810.

The perverse spirit of the Portuguese Regency, which began to manifest itself immediately after the fall of Almeida, was unsparingly condemned by Lord Wellington in several instances which well bespeak his decision of character. There was a faction in the Regency at the head of which was the Patriarch (former Bishop of Oporto), who wanted to control and direct the operations of the British commander, and, as he would not allow himself to be directed by them, they thwarted him in every way. In a remarkable letter addressed to Mr. Stuart from Gouvea, 7th September, Lord Wellington had denounced their practices :—"In order to put an end at once to these miserable intrigues, I beg that you will inform the Portuguese Government that I will not stay in the country, and that I shall advise the King's Government to withdraw the assistance which his Majesty affords them, if they interfere in any manner with the appointments of Marshal Beresford's staff, for which he is responsible ; or with the operations of the army ; or with any of the points which, under the original arrangement with Marshal Beresford, were referred exclusively to his management. I propose also to report to his Majesty's Government, and refer to their consideration, what steps ought to be taken if the Portuguese Government refuse or delay to adopt the civil and political arrangements recommended by me, and corresponding with the military operations which I am carrying on. (This refers to the measure of destroying, or rather rendering useless, the mills, by removing the sails, &c.) But it appears that the Portuguese Government have lately discovered that we are all wrong ; they have become impatient for the defeat of the enemy, and, in imitation of the Central Junta of Spain, call out for a battle and early success. If I had had the power I would have prevented the Spanish armies from attending to this call."

In another letter, dated Rio Mayor, October 6, addressed

likewise to Mr. Stuart, Lord Wellington says:—"You will do me the favour to inform the Regency, and above all the Principal Souza, that, his Majesty and the Prince Regent having intrusted me with the command of their armies, and likewise with the conduct of the military operations, I will not suffer them, or anybody else, to interfere with them; that I know best where to station my troops and when to make a stand against the enemy; and I shall not alter a system formed upon mature consideration upon any suggestion of theirs. I am responsible for what I do, and they are not; and I recommend them to look to the measures for which they are responsible, and which I long ago recommended to them, viz., to provide for the tranquillity of Lisbon, and for the food of their own army and of the people, while the troops will be engaged with the enemy. As for Principal Souza, I beg you to tell him from me that I have had no satisfaction in transacting the business of his country since he has been a member of the Government; that, being embarked in a course of military operations, of which I hope to see the successful termination, I shall continue to carry them on to the end; but that no power on earth shall induce me to remain in the Peninsula for one moment after I shall have obtained his Majesty's leave to resign my charge, if Principal Souza is to remain either a member of the Government or to continue at Lisbon. Either he must quit the country or I will; and if I should be obliged to go, I will take care that the world, or Portugal at least and the Prince Regent, shall be made acquainted with my reasons. From the letter of the 3rd, which I have received from Don Miguel Forjaz, I had hoped that the Government was satisfied with what I had done, and intended to do, and that, instead of endeavouring to render all further defence fruitless, by disturbing the minds of the populace of Lisbon, they would have done their duty by adopting measures to secure the tranquillity of the town; but I suppose that, like other weak individuals, they add duplicity to their

weakness, and that their expressions of approbation, and even gratitude, were intended to convey censure. . . . . I have but little doubt of success; but, as I have fought a sufficient number of battles to know that the result of any one is not certain, even with the best arrangements, I am anxious that the Government should adopt preparatory arrangements, and take out of the enemy's way those persons and their families who would suffer if they were to fall into their hands." A perusal of this correspondence is absolutely necessary to enable a person to form a just idea of the difficulties which Lord Wellington had to contend with from within, and of the strength of mind which enabled him to rise superior to them.

CRUELTIES OF THE FRENCH IN PORTUGAL DENOUNCED.

Lord Wellington, habitually sober in the expression of his sentiments, assumes this very decided and indignant tone in his official despatch to Lord Liverpool, dated 14th of March, 1811, wherein, after detailing the movements of the French to that day, he thus continues:—"I am sorry to be obliged to add to this account that their conduct throughout this retreat has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head-quarters of some of their corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been invited, by promises of good treatment, to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed, on the night the enemy withdrew from their position, and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The convent of Alcobaça (a splendid structure) was burnt by orders from the French head-quarters. The bishop's palace, and the whole town of Leiria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate, and there is not an inhabitant of the country, of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army,

who has not had reason to repent of it, and to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed and the assurances have been fulfilled which were held out in the proclamation of the French Commander-in-chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal that he was not come to make war upon them, but, with a powerful army of 110,000 men, to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and of other nations what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances ; and that there is no security for life, or for anything which makes life valuable, excepting in decided resistance to the enemy."—*Despatches*, vol. vii. p. 358.

In the second part of 1811, Lord Wellington, besides having firmly established his complete possession of Portugal, had by his operations within the Spanish frontiers, both north and south of the Tagus, given full employment to two French armies, each commanded by a French marshal of high reputation, and prevented them from acting with vigour either against Galicia in the north or against Cadiz in the south.

He had thus fulfilled the promise which he had made the year before of being able to retain possession of Portugal, and to make it a *point d'appui* for future operations against the French in Spain, and he continued to hold the same language to Ministers at home. "I shall be sorry," he thus wrote to Lord Liverpool on the 23rd March, 1811, whilst he was following Massena's track of devastation, by the light of burning towns and villages, "I shall be sorry if Government should think themselves under the necessity of withdrawing from this country on account of the expense of the contest. From what I have seen of the objects of the French Government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French Government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the continent, they would

incur all risks to land an army in his Majesty's dominions. Then indeed would commence an expensive contest; then would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor, in the scene; and I only hope that the King's Government will consider well what I have above stated to your Lordship, and will ascertain as nearly as it is in their power the actual expense of employing a certain number of men in this country, beyond that of employing them at home or elsewhere." —*Despatches*, vol. vii. p. 392.

COOLNESS IN DANGER.

At Fuento Guinaldo, the Duke found himself with only a portion of his army in the presence of Marmont, who collected a number of troops, as if it were his design to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position. While Marmont was amusing himself with this singular review, Lord Wellington looked on with the calmness of an ordinary spectator. Scarcely a third of the allied army was within his reach; and 60,000 troops, some of them hitherto unconquered, with 110 pieces of artillery, manœuvring barely out of cannon range! It was at this moment that a Spanish general, remarkable for his zeal and gallantry, and a great favourite of Wellington's, observed to him—"Why, here you are, with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease; it is enough to put any man in a fever." "I have done, according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done," said Wellington; "therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home."—Courage, like other qualities, has its varieties. Sitting on the

embankment of a field-work, undisturbed by the roar of his own artillery, or a responding thunder from the batteries of the fortress, Lord Wellington penned the plan of the assault; and when that writing went forth, the doom of Ciudad Rodrigo was sealed. When, however, the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

WELLINGTON AND PICTON.

On one occasion, the Duke was giving his directions to his officers, among whom was Sir Thos. Picton,* when that gallant general ventured to differ from him as to the judiciousness of some of his intended movements: "Sir Thomas Picton," said the Duke, in a tone not to be mistaken, "I sent for you to hear my orders, not to receive yours."

Some entertaining instances are related, during the progress of the Peninsular war, of the Commander-in-chief's strict attention to subsidies, and of his sharpness to peccant officers in the commissariat department. On one occasion General Picton, enraged at a want of punctuality on the part of a deputy-commissary-general, threatened to hang that officer if the provisions were not brought up on the morrow. The Commissary, putting on his best uniform, repaired to the Commander-in-chief, and laid his grievous complaint before him. "Did General Picton really threaten to hang you?" said Wellesley. "He did," replied the Commissary. "Then," said the Commander-in-chief, "I would advise you to go and exert yourself and get up these stores, for General Picton is just the man to do what he threatens." The Commissary went his way, and the provisions were up in time.

* Picton fell at Waterloo; whence his body was brought to his house, 21, Edwarde-street, Portman-square, previous to interment in the Bayswater burying-ground. There is a monument to him in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE DUKE IN DANGER AT SALAMANCA.

The personal danger of his Grace towards the close of this battle, is thus narrated by one engaged: "The Duke of Wellington was within fifty yards of the front, when the enemy's lines commenced firing. I thought he was exposing himself unnecessarily, the more so, as I heard he had put every division into action that day. The Duke ordered us to halt within 200 yards of the enemy. They gave us two volleys, with cheers, while our cavalry galloped forward to threaten their right flank. At this time I heard that a musket ball had perforated the Duke's cloak, folded in front of his saddle."—*United Service Journal.* At Salamanca, also, with a ravine in his rear, and a river in front, the Duke escaped a party of French, by whom he might easily have been captured had he been recognized.

In this memorable battle, by a false movement on the part of Marmont, the left wing of the French army was entirely separated from the main body, on perceiving which, Lord Wellington's resolution was at once taken. "At last I have them," he exclaimed: the British troops then rushed forward amid a storm of shot that even seemed to shear away the surface of the earth on which they moved; but, undaunted by this, they continued to advance, and drove the French from every point on which they attempted to rally.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1812.

This year, many persons in England, and especially the opposition party, were loud in their censures of Lord Wellington's operations. "From what I see in the newspapers," he thus wrote to Lord Liverpool from Ciudad Rodrigo on the 23rd of October, "I am much afraid that the public will be much disappointed at the result of the last campaign, notwithstanding that it is, in fact, the most successful

campaign in all its circumstances, and has produced for the common cause, more important results than any campaign in which a British army has been engaged for the last century. We have taken, by siege, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca, and the Retiro surrendered. In the mean time the Allies have taken Astorga, Consuegra, and Guadalaxara, besides other places. In the months elapsed since January that army has sent to England little short of 20,000 prisoners; they have taken and destroyed, or have themselves the use of the enemy's arsenals in Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Valladolid, Madrid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, &c.; and, upon the whole, we have taken and destroyed, or we now possess, little short of 3000 pieces of cannon. The siege of Cadiz has been raised, and all the countries south of the Tagus have been cleared of the enemy. We should have retained still greater advantages, I think, and should have remained in possession of Castile and Madrid during the winter, if I could have taken Burgos, as I ought, early in October, or if Ballasteros had moved upon Alcaraz as he was ordered, instead of intriguing for his own aggrandizement. . . . . I see that a disposition already exists to blame the government for the failure of the siege of Burgos. The government had nothing to say to the siege. It was entirely my own act. In regard to means, there were ample means both at Madrid and Santander for the siege of the strongest fortress. That which was wanting at both places was means of transporting ordnance and artillery stores to the place where it was desirable to use them. The people of England, so happy as they are in every respect, so rich in resources of every description, having the use of such excellent roads, &c., will not readily believe that important results here frequently depend upon fifty or sixty mules, more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them; but the fact is so, notwithstanding their incredulity. I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid. . . . . As for the two

guns which ——— endeavoured to send, I was obliged to send our own cattle to draw them, and we felt great inconvenience from the want of those cattle in the subsequent movements of the army."

PUNISHMENT OF PLUNDER.

The most summary punishment of any act of cruelty or plunder by his soldiers, was a striking virtue of Wellington's command. In explanation of the conduct of his troops at the siege of San Sebastian, in 1813, he proves the town to have been set on fire by the enemy, and adds: "everything was done that could be done to extinguish the fire by our own soldiers. In regard to the plunder of the town by the soldiers, I am the last man who will deny it, because I know that it is true. It is one of the evil consequences attending the necessity of storming a town, which every officer laments, not only on account of the evil thereby inflicted on the unfortunate inhabitants, but on account of the injury it does to discipline. Notwithstanding that, I am convinced it is impossible to prevent a town, in such a situation, from being plundered; I can prove that upon this occasion particular pains were taken to prevent it. * * * * If it had not been for the fire, which certainly augmented the confusion, and afforded greater facilities for irregularity, and if by far the greater proportion of the officers and non-commissioned officers, particularly of the principal officers who stormed the breach, had not been killed or wounded in the performance of their duty in the service of Spain, to the number of 170 out of about 250, I believe that the plunder would have been, in great measure, though not entirely, prevented."—*Despatches*, vol. xi. pp. 172-4.

Here is another memorable instance of the hero's mercy, "mightiest in the mightiest." Early in November, Lord Wellington made his preparations to march his whole army into France, where they would find good cantonments for the winter. Before, however, taking this serious step he issued an

order of the day to all his troops of the various nations that composed his army, in which he told "the officers and soldiers to remember that their nations were at war with France solely because the ruler of the French nation would not allow them to be at peace, and wanted to force them to submit to his yoke; and not to forget, at the same time, that the worst of the evils suffered by the enemy in his profligate invasion of Spain and Portugal had been occasioned by the irregularities of his soldiers, and their cruelties towards the unfortunate and peaceful inhabitants of the country. To avenge this conduct on the peaceful inhabitants of France would be unmanly and unworthy of the allied nations." But Lord Wellington was not satisfied with mere proclamations and general orders; he enforced them strictly; and whenever he found any part of his troops attempting to plunder, he not only punished by military law those who were caught in the fact, but he placed the whole regiment or brigade under arms to prevent further offence. His greatest trouble was with the Spanish troops, which being badly supplied with provisions by their own government, half starved, and without shoes or money, and having moreover the fresh recollection of the treatment which their countrymen in Spain had met with at the hands of the French, could only be restrained by the strongest measures from retaliating upon the French peasants. Lord Wellington's letters to the Spanish Generals Morillo, Wimpffen, and Freyre are evidence of his earnestness and determination not to allow any irregularity of the sort. "Where I command," he says to Freyre, "I declare that no one shall be allowed to plunder. If plunder must be had, then another must have the command. You have large armies in Spain, and if it is wished to plunder the French peasantry you may enter France, but then the Spanish government must remove me from the command of their armies. . . . . It is a matter of indifference to me whether I command a large or a small army, but, whether large or small, the army must obey me, and above all *must not plunder*."—

Despatches, vol. xi. p. 395. At last he took the measure of moving back most of the Spanish troops within the Spanish frontiers.

BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

The great result of this splendid victory was the total disorganization of the united armies of France. The fight was full of episodal *spectacles*. The passage of the Zadorra by its different bridges—the beautiful accuracy with which the movements were simultaneously executed—the sparkling of glittering masses in brilliant sunshine—the roar of cannon—the deafening fusillade succeeded by the total *déroute*—all afforded a *coup-d'œil* never to be forgotten.

The pursuit at Vittoria was continued till dark, Lord Wellington being in person with his advanced guard. The troops, now being greatly exhausted, were halted for the night. They had been sixteen hours under arms. They had fought and won a battle, and, independent of their manœuvres, they had marched three leagues since the morning. But the victory rewarded and astonished them. They had beaten the French often before, but thus never. 150 pieces of artillery, 415 caissons, the military chest, and more than 3,000 carriages, wagons, and cars, laden with stores, treasure, or plunder, lay spread upon the field. Among the trophies of this complete victory were a stand of colours and the bâton of Marshal Jourdan. The loss of the allies did not much exceed 700 killed and 4,000 wounded. Of the cannon taken, more than 90 were field-pieces, foul-mouthed with recent use. The ground for nearly a square league was covered with the wreck of chests and baggage. The soldiers who got among the carriages and cars ransacked them thoroughly; and as there were more than 200 coaches belonging to the Court, the generals, and private individuals in the French interest, the spoil was rich and curious. State robes, embroidered uniforms, court-dresses, insignia, jewels, the wardrobes of females, plate,

pictures, and costly curiosities of endless variety, the accumulated plunder of invaded Spain, were here divided by the exulting soldiers.

But the spoil which Wellington deserved, and which his admirable combinations, and the intrepid and successful attacks which he directed, entitled him to expect, was a good solid column of prisoners; a crowning result, which must inevitably have been his reward had the enemy made a single attempt at a rally or stand; had they even maintained a military formation. But no army was ever seen to fly in more irregular and headlong confusion. Their loss did not exceed 7,000 killed and wounded, and the prisoners amounted to 1,000 more. Of all their material and equipments, they only carried off the field one gun and one howitzer. There is no record in history of so vast an army of well-disciplined and veteran soldiers being thus broken, scattered and hunted like a rabble from the field.

Among the honours showered upon Wellington for this splendid victory were an estate in Spain, of the supposed annual value of 10,000*l.*; a dukedom and field-marshal's bâton. The captured cannon contributed to cast the colossal statue in Hyde Park.

The general results of the operations consequent on the victory of Vittoria, a summary will best describe. In six weeks, and with scarcely 100,000 men, Lord Wellington marched 600 miles, passed six great rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses; and, after driving 120,000 veteran troops from Spain, "stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror."

THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S BATON.

When the news of the battle of Vittoria reached England, there were great public rejoicings; and Lord Wellington, who had been created a marquis after the battle of Salamanca, in the preceding year, was appointed Field Marshal of England.

"You have sent me,"—thus wrote to him the Prince Regent of England, in a most flattering letter,—"among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French Marshal, and I send you in return that of England."

WELLINGTON AND HILL.

In the campaign of 1813, when the allied army had descended from the Pyrenees into the valleys on the French side, in December, General Hill had under his immediate command above 13,000 men, and his position extended across from the Adour, beyond Vieux Monguerre, to Ville Franque and the Nive. Soult directed from Bayonne on the 13th a force of 30,000 men against Hill's position. His columns of the centre gained some ground, but were fiercely repulsed. An attack on Hill's right was likewise successful at first, but was ultimately defeated. Soult at last drew back his troops towards his entrenched camp near Bayonne. General Hill had withstood all the efforts of the enemy without any occasion for the assistance of the divisions which Lord Wellington had moved towards him; upon which Wellington, with evident delight, told the General, "Hill, the day is all your own."

WELLINGTON ON NAPOLEON'S WAR RESOURCES.

In 1814, the mighty contest which had been carried on for ten years between France and the rest of Europe was drawing fast to a close. The battle of Leipzig (October, 1813) had given the death-blow to the ambition of Napoleon. He had lost another fine army, which he had got together with great pains after the disasters of the Russian campaign of the previous year. The scanty remains of his host were driven out of Germany across the Rhine; that river which, according to his early declarations, constituted the natural frontier of France, but which he had not had self-command enough to respect. He was now left to his own resources, or rather to those of France. Lord Wellington had long foretold that,

when that should come to be the case, the feelings of the French population would turn against him. Napoleon had hitherto supported his enormous armies chiefly at the expense of foreign states. "War must be with him a financial resource," wrote Lord Wellington in January, 1812, to Baron Constant, an officer of distinction attached to the Prince of Orange, "and this appears to me the greatest misfortune which the French revolution has entailed upon the present generation. I have great hopes, however, that this resource is beginning to fail, and I think there are symptoms of a sense in France either that war is not so productive as it was, or that nations who have still something to lose may resist, as those of the Peninsula have, in which case the expense of collecting this resource becomes larger than its produce."—*Despatches* vol. viii. p. 581 and following.)—*Military Memoir.* By A. VIESSEUX.

MORE PLAIN THAN POLITE.

During the siege of Burgos, one of the Irish regiments, which was supposed not to have behaved with its accustomed daring, greatly to the displeasure of Wellington, asked for the privilege of leading the assault the next time, so as to wipe out the anger of their commander, which they felt to be undeserved. The request was complied with, and the Hibernians stormed the walls with unparalleled fury, but were nearly all cut to pieces. Riding over the ground soon after, the Duke (then Sir Arthur) came to a heap of slain and wounded, where the enemy's guns had done most execution. "Arrah, may be ye'r satisfied now," with an epithet which we had rather not repeat, exclaimed one of the cut up bog-trotters, who had had both his legs shot off, and thinking that he was stumped for the future, it did not much matter on what footing he stood for the present. However, he was mistaken; the General smiled, sent a surgeon, and the man lived to record the event in Chelsea Hospital, till within a few years ago.

DEATH OF MOREAU

At the battle of Dresden, Napoleon perceived a group of distinguished officers ride up to a conspicuous point, where they paused, and appeared to be making a reconnoissance. Pointing to the place, he called out to the officer directing a battery of artillery close at hand, "Jetez-moi une douzaine de boulets là, à la fois! Il y a peut-être quelques petits généraux!" (Throw a dozen bullets yonder all at once. There are, perhaps, some little generals among them!) He was obeyed, and Moreau was killed.

THE DUKE ON GLORY.

With regard to the use of the word "glory," an anecdote is told on good authority, that Wellington thus referred to the remark as made by M. Cormenin:—"Some Frenchman," observed the Duke, "has said, that the word *duty* is to be found in every page of my despatches, and the word *glory* not once. This is meant, I am told, as a reproach; but the foolish fellow does not see that, if mere *glory* had been my *object*, the doing my *duty* must have been the *means*."

WAS THE DUKE EVER WOUNDED?

It has been said that the Duke was never wounded; but here is evidence to the contrary. In Rush's *Residence at the Court of London*, the following anecdote is recorded:—"Until this occasion, I was under an impression that the Duke of Wellington never was wounded; but Sir George Walker said that, not long after the storming of Badajoz, he was struck by a random musket-ball in the side, in an affair with the French on the borders of France. It was merely a slight wound, and was dressed on the spot. The Duke, on receiving it, exclaimed, 'Hit at last!' and seemed much pleased." In reference to this statement, we have the following letter from Colonel Sir W. Verner:—

"I do not mean to deny what may have happened at the storming of Badajoz. I was not there. I merely take upon me to vouch for what did take place at the battle of Orthes, the only time, as I have always understood, that the Duke was wounded.

"I was riding at the head of a squadron of the 7th Hussars, which I commanded, when Lord George Lennox rode up to me, and asked if I could tell him where he could find one of the surgeons of the regiment, as he wanted him for the Duke. I replied, that Mr. Moffit, one of the assistant-surgeons, had been riding alongside of me a few moments before, and he would probably find him at the rear of the squadron. I heard no more until the day was over, when Mr. Moffit informed me that the Duke had been struck by a spent ball, which, although it did not break the skin, caused much pain.

"Whether the Duke may have made the observation he is stated to have done, I do not recollect to have heard, but I consider it by no means unlikely.

"I have not had time to communicate with Lord George or Dr. Moffit; but they are both forthcoming, and will, I have no doubt, confirm what I say.—I have the honour to remain your obedient servant,

"WM. VERNER, Bart., M.P., Lt.-Col.

"*United Service Club, Pall Mall,*
"*22nd Sept.*, 1852.

Again, in Sir Andrew Leith Hay's narrative of the Peninsular war, in detailing the battle of Talavera is the following passage:—"After serious attacks had ceased on all parts of the line, and even the light troops had become more distant, Sir Arthur Wellesley was seated, with some officers of his staff, upon the south-eastern ridge of the hill, observing the retiring columns of the enemy, when a musket-ball struck him on the breast, with sufficient force to give a severe and painful blow, without penetrating."

ESCAPES OF NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

In many striking points, the careers of Napoleon and Wellington exhibited a remarkable similitude. Born in the same year—following the same profession—passing that dangerous ordeal unharmed, in which so many of their contemporaries perished, and both surviving to gain the loftiest objects at which "ambition's self" could strain—beset with dangers, their preservation seemed miraculous, as both exposed themselves recklessly; and from their most perilous situations both had singular escapes, and by the most opposite agencies. When at Acre, a shell dropped at Napoleon's foot, a soldier seizing him in his arms, flung him on the ground, and the shivered metal passed harmlessly over the prostrate general, and but slightly wounded his preserver. In Paris, the furious driving of his coachman cleared the street before the infernal machine could be exploded. These were probably his greatest perils; and from one he was delivered by the devotion of a grenadier—from the other, by the accidental drunkenness of a servant. Nor were Wellington's escapes less remarkable; for there was rarely an action in which some of his attendants were not killed or wounded. At Vittoria he passed unharmed through the fire of the French centre bristling with cannon, for there eighty pieces were in battery. At Sorauren he wrote a memorandum on the bridge while the enemy were in actual possession of the village. During the bloody contest that ensued, for a time he sat upon a height within close musket range of the enemy, watching the progress of the battle; and in the evening his danger was still more imminent. "He had carried with him," says Colonel Napier, "towards Echallar, half a company of the 43rd as an escort, and placed a sergeant, named Blood, with a party, to watch in front while he examined his maps. The French, who were close at hand, sent a detachment to cut the party off; and such was the nature of the ground, that their troops, rushing on at

speed, would infallibly have fallen unawares upon Lord Wellington if Blood, a young intelligent man, seeing the danger, had not, with surprising activity, leaping rather than running down the precipitous rocks he was posted on, given the general notice; and, as it was, the French arrived in time to send a volley of shot after him as he galloped away." It was said of Napoleon that he bore a charmed life; and certainly a special providence watched over that of Wellington—"God covered his head in battle, and not a hair of it was scathed."

Between Napoleon and Wellington many circumstances of early life are strongly coincident: their birth in the same year, their education at the same schools, and the commencement of their military career, were nearly contemporaneous. The influence which each had on the fortunes of the other would be a curious speculation. What might have been the present state of Europe, had Napoleon perished a nameless man, in tracing out his first battery at Toulon; or Wellington as ignobly died, the leader of a broken host, among the swamps and dykes of Holland?

THE DUKE'S FRENCH TITLES.

Three distinctions were bestowed upon his Grace by the French nation in the person of his Majesty Louis XVIII., in consideration of the services rendered by the Duke to the elder branch of the house of Bourbon; for although at Waterloo we were contending against Frenchmen, still, strictly speaking, it was not against France, as our aim and resolve were simply to re-establish Legitimacy in that country: wherefore, on the entry of the allied forces into the French metropolis, we were quaintly greeted by some part of that light-hearted and witty people by "*Vivent les amis ennemis!*" Now, the distinctions were these: the Duke was created a Marshal of France, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, and Duke de Brunoy, no mean distinction for a British subject, and probably unparalleled in history.

It is a strange and remarkable coincidence, that the English student of Angers and pupil of Pignerol should finish his active military career by obtaining the highest military honour of the country where he was educated as a soldier, which that country could bestow. It is also strange that it is known to comparatively few persons in England, that our illustrious Duke was Duke de Brunoy, in France; and perhaps, still more strange, that it is little known in France either, even at Brunoy, a delightful village, situate in the beautiful valley of Yeres, on the Lyons road, about 25 kilomètres from Paris.

INVESTITURE WITH THE DUKEDOM.

On Wellington's return to England in 1814, he was raised to the rank of a Duke: on June 28th, he entered the House of Peers. Shortly after three o'clock, the Lord Chancellor having taken his seat, the Duke of Wellington was introduced, supported by the Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort, in military uniform, and in their ducal robes. Being arrived in the body of the house, the Duke made the usual obeisance to the Lord-Chancellor, and showed his patent and right of summons: these noblemen then approached the table, where his Grace's various patents, as Baron and Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and lastly as Duke, were each read by the clerks. The oaths were then administered, and the Test Rolls were signed by him. He then, accompanied by his noble supporters, took his seat on the Dukes' bench, and saluted the House in the usual manner, by rising, taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully. On this interesting occasion, the Duchess of Wellington and the Countess of Mornington were present, and the honours conferred upon a conqueror were witnessed by those to whom he was most endeared—a mother and a wife.

THE ONLY TWO IRISH FIELD-MARSHALS.

The only two Irishmen who appear to have attained the rank of Field-Marshal in the British army were natives of the two Meaths—George Wade, of West Meath, interred in Westminster Abbey; and the Duke of Wellington, of East Meath. Both were colonels of the same regiment (33rd). Wade led it into the breach at the attack upon Fort St. Philip, in the Island of Minorca, 1788, at the head of the grenadiers and Marines, in the presence of an enemy vastly superior in number, and effected a lodgment within, by which the garrison of French and Spaniards were compelled to capitulate. He was also victorious in all the battles he fought as Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies in the Netherlands, in 1774. And Wellesley led it (33rd) into the breach at Seringapatam, in 1799.

SETTLING A DIFFICULTY.

When any officer of rank joined the Duke in the Peninsula, on his arrival from England he was asked to dine at head-quarters, and sat at the Duke's right hand. On such occasions, military subjects were dispensed with; but the Duke often sifted at the same time the qualities of the new comer through the common topics of the day. On one occasion an unhappy wight, a major-general, launched into military matters with the Duke, in preference to continuing the chit-chat about England. The Duke parried this for some time; but as he persevered, the F.M. so far gratified him as to ask his opinion. The major-general expressed himself as deeply anxious at the critical position in which his Grace then was. The Duke allowed him to proceed. "If," said the enlightened major-general (the Duke requesting him to make his movements on the tablecloth) "the French moved there, and then did this,

and then did that, which they *would* inevitably, then what would your Grace do?" "*Give them the most infernal thrashing they have had for some time,*" said the most noble Arthur. The electrified commentator on hypothecated disasters said—nothing!

THE DUKE AND HIS SOLDIERS.

Besides the formation of his army, and commanding it in the field, the Duke had the task of forming the Commissariat department, which, before he took it in hand, was in a very infantile state, the officers who composed it being quite innocent of all knowledge of the duties connected with field operations. Shortly after landing at Mondego Bay in 1808, General Fergusson, finding his brigade deprived of their rations, went himself to inquire the cause. Arrived at the house where the Commissary-General had taken a position, he sent up a message requiring his presence. The answer was that Mr. —— would come down as soon as he had finished his dinner. The General, following the servant, entered the room where dinner was laid out on a nice table-cloth; seizing this by the corner, the General pulled the whole concern on the floor, to the astonishment of the diner, and then explained his business. Indignant at such treatment, the great Commissary went to make his complaint to the Duke, then Sir Arthur Wellesley. He was listened to with great attention till he had finished his lamentable story, when Sir Arthur coolly said to him, "You had better not quarrel with Fergusson, for he is very positive when he takes anything into his head."

Soldiers of most armies have a familiar sort of *soubriquet* for their commander, and "Corporal" seems rather a favourite; Marlborough was Corporal John; Buonaparte *Le petit Corporal.* It was also affixed to the Duke, in a contemptuous sense, by O'Connell; but the name he was best known by among the soldiers was Atty (for Arthur).

After the battle of Busaco, when the army retired on the lines of Torres Vedras, in passing through Pombal some stragglers left the ranks in search of plunder or provisions. One of these concealed himself in a house until he had seen the rear-guard well out of the town; he then began to look for something in the way of pillage, and seeing nothing else that he could turn to account, he unhooked one of the great pier-glasses in a massive gilt frame, and, having strapped it carefully over his pack, he set forth, hoping to realise a few shillings by his booty. In supposing that the whole army had passed, he reckoned without his host; for, on issuing from his retreat, the first person that he saw was the Commander of the Forces, and, still worse for his peace of mind, the Provost-Marshal's guard. As this was a clear case, *in flagrante*, the unhappy wight had soon a rope fitted to his neck, and was run up to a tree, where he remained suspended to greet the eyes of the advancing French, an example of plunder. The Paymaster of one of the regiments coming from Coimbra with a charge, accompanied by some convalescents and men slightly wounded, came up afterwards, and, as soon as the men saw this revolving mirror and man, they whispered to each other, "Atty has been here."

When the 73rd Regiment was first joined by Wellington, there was scarcely a single feature of a soldier's condition or duties corresponding to what we now see. Costume, character, discipline, and equipments were all and altogether different, and the uniform which Arthur Wellesley first assumed would now excite surprise in a dramatic representation. Men wore powder and pomade, cocked hats and pig-tails, gaiters and breeches. They carried muskets so bad as to be often unserviceable, and camp-kettles so heavy as to retard their march. They were mercilessly scourged for the smallest transgression. Their officers, until the exigencies of the war had induced wiser views, were appointed and promoted through interest alone; and doings which would now set the kingdom

in a blaze were then transacted as the unquestionable privileges of a class.

Benjamin Gaunt, aged 81, now living at Pudsey, near Leeds, was in the 33rd in India, under Colonel Wellesley, and on the night previous to the siege of Seringapatam, this veteran bore the Duke on his back about a quarter of a mile, he being slightly wounded in the knee or thigh. He was one of the orderlies in the 33rd.

The Duke once said that he never knew any army whose officers had so many "private affairs." At the termination of one of the campaigns, when the troops went into cantonments, there was a long list of applications founded on this plea. He ran his eye over the names until he came to one applicant who asked for leave—to get married. "Oh!" said the Duke, "I can understand what this man means; let him go."

They tell of an Irish Staff-Surgeon who joined the army, and, being the bearer of a despatch and some letters from Lisbon, went up to a group of Staff-Officers, and said, "Which of you gentlemen is Lord Wellington?" His Lordship came forward and received the despatch. After a few words of conversation he asked the Surgeon to dine with him. He replied he would with pleasure, but he must have a horse to carry him back. His host, much amused, promised he should have one. It was pretended by some that this person was the prototype of the celebrated story of Johnny Newcome.

No man more truly and gratefully estimated the sterling worth of his soldiers than Wellington. He felt pride and confidence in his veterans; and was once heard to say that he would rather have an officer or soldier who had served with him two or three campaigns, than two or three who had not.

ODE ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1814.

BY JOHN WILSON CROKER.*

Victor of Assaye's orient plain,
Victor of all the fields of Spain,
Victor of France's despot reign,
Thy task of glory done!
Welcome! from dangers greatly dared;
From triumphs which the vanquish'd shared;
From nations saved, and nations spared;
Unconquer'd Wellington!

Unconquer'd! yet thy honours claim
A nobler than a conqueror's name:
At the red wreaths of guilty fame
Thy generous soul had blushed:
The blood—the tears the world has shed—
The throngs of mourners—piles of dead—
The grief—the guilt—are on his head,
The tyrant thou hast crush'd.

Thine was the sword which Justice draws;
Thine was the pure and generous cause
Of holy rites and human laws,
The impious thrall to burst;
And thou wast destined for thy part!
The noblest mind, the firmest heart—
Artless—but in the warrior's art—
And in that art the first.

And we who in the eastern skies
Beheld thy sun of glory rise,
Still follow with exulting eyes
His proud meridian height.
Late on thy grateful country's breast,
Late may that sun descend to rest
Beaming through all the golden west
The memory of his light.

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* Very recently, his Grace left Dover for Folkestone by the railway, with the intention of paying a visit to Mr. John Wilson Croker, the author of the above Ode. On arriving at his destination, however, he learned that the object of his journey had left Folkestone for Dover, it

ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON FROM ELBA.

On the day that intelligence reached Vienna of Napoleon's escape from Elba, it happened that a great diplomatic dinner was given (it is believed by Prince Metternich), and as the guests arrived, all were anxious to detect by the Duke's manner if he had heard the news. His countenance, however, gave no sign, but waiting patiently till all the company had assembled, he said, "Gentlemen, have you heard of the Emperor's escape?" then approaching Prince Talleyrand, and placing his hand on his shoulder, he added, "Quant à moi, Mons. de Talleyrand, je suis soldat du Roi de France," thus promptly declaring his resolution, and leading the minds of all to that alliance which proved so successful in its results.

WELLINGTON AND BLUCHER AT QUATRE BRAS.

About eight in the morning, June 16, 1815, the Duke quitted Brussels. About 11, or a little after, he reached Quatre Bras, whence he closely reconnoitred the enemy's position, and satisfied himself that there was no immediate danger from the side of Frasne. This done, and having left directions with the Prince of Orange as to the points of halt for such corps as might arrive in his absence, he galloped off to communicate in person with Field Marshal Prince Blucher. The Duke is said to have expressed, with characteristic good breeding, yet firmness, his disapproval of Prince Blucher's arrangements. "Every man" (such is the substance of the words which the Duke is said to have spoken) "knows his own people best; but I can only say that, with a British army, I should not occupy this

is believed for the purpose of visiting Walmer. The Duke returned to Dover by the next train, and the Duke and Mr. Croker actually met on the platform. The meeting is described by those who witnessed it as a cordial and even touching one—an impression which probably arose chiefly from the advanced age of both the Duke and his friend.—*John Bull*, Sept. 18, 1852.

ground as you do." Blucher, however, represented that his countrymen liked to see the enemy before they engaged him, and adhered to the opinion that St. Armand and Ligny were the keys of his position. And the Duke was at once too wise and too much under the influence of right feeling, to press his point. It was the Duke's desire to co-operate with Prince Blucher actively, rather than passively. He saw that against the latter the main strength of the French army would be carried, and he proposed to advance, as soon as he should have concentrated force enough, upon Frasne and Gosselies, and to fall upon the enemy's rear. But this, which would have been both a practicable and a judicious movement, had his Grace received intimation of the French attack in good time, was now well-nigh impossible. It was idle to expect that Napoleon would delay his onward movement long enough to permit the concentration at Quatre Bras of such a force as would authorise an aggressive operation; and a project, admirable in itself, was at once abandoned, and an arrangement made that by the Namur road the allies should support one another. It is said that the Duke, as he cantered back to his own ground, turned to a staff-officer deeply in his confidence, and said, "Now mark my words: the Prussians will make a gallant fight, for they are capital troops, and well commanded; but they will be beaten. I defy any army not to be beaten placed as they are, if the force that attacks them be such as I suppose the French under Buonaparte are."

THE DUKE JOKING AFTER QUATRE BRAS.

Having seen his outposts well arranged, and left no point uncared for, he withdrew to a fire near the roadside and sat down. A regiment of cavalry, the 12th, happened to come up soon after he had taken his seat. It was commanded by one of the bravest soldiers, though of the gentlest nature, that ever wore a British uniform, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Frederick

Ponsonby, who, passing over to salute his friend and commander, found him busily engaged in the perusal of some English newspapers. A packet had just reached him, and the Duke began upon them forthwith, reading aloud, and indulging in many a good joke at the expense of the fears of the home Government, as they were there described. To speak of such a man as at any moment liable to be "surprised," is to exhibit a marvellously slight acquaintance with human nature. He who is surprised must lose self-possession; and if he be attacked in some manner upon which he had never calculated, his means of repelling the attack will be to seek. But the loss of self-possession can hardly be predicated of one who, amid the hurry of active operations, and in the very middle, so to speak, of a battle, is able to amuse himself, and all who come near him, as the Duke amused that night his staff, and the gallant soldier who joined himself to their company.

THE DUKE'S FORESIGHT, AND THE BALL AT BRUSSELS.

There was long current a popular error, "that the British army were surprised while the officers were dancing," on the evening of June 15th, two days before the battle of Waterloo. The facts are these. On June 15th Buonaparte crossed the Cambre, and advanced upon Charleroi; but this attack was not thought to be a serious one, and it was believed that he really intended to open his road to Brussels, the head-quarters of the Duke, by the valley of the Cambre. Accordingly, his Grace waited at Brussels for proof of the attack upon Charleroi not being a feint, which was brought at three o'clock in the afternoon to the Duke at his hotel, about 100 yards from head-quarters in the park at Brussels, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning, or the preceding day. Wellington now put his army in motion to his left, the order for this memorable march being given—not in a ball-room at midnight, as idle report long had it—but in the Duke's hotel, and by about five

o'clock in the afternoon. These orders must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all by ten, o'clock at night.

The Duchess of Richmond had issued cards for a ball at Brussels on the same evening; and upon hearing that the enemy was advancing, proposed to recal the invitations. The Duke, however, to prevent alarm, requested that the ball might take place, which is rather a proof of foresight than incaution, as it clearly turned out. Wellington, therefore, went to the ball, and many of his officers went as well as he, because their business for the day was done. Instead of a proof of his being taken by surprise, the Duke's presence at the ball was an instance of his perfect self-possession and equanimity at the most critical moment of his whole life. The ball was a gay one, and enjoyed by none of the company more than by the Duke and his officers. Still, there were many persons present who believed that the marching orders were decided upon there; but this is utterly at variance with the Duke's memorandum for the Deputy-Quarter-master-General, of the 15th of June, which must have been written in the afternoon, as soon as the Prince of Orange arrived at Brussels with his decisive intelligence. We also gather, from his own despatches, that the Duke's stay at the Duchess of Richmond's entertainment must have been but short; for at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, we find him writing to the Duc de Berri, and at ten to the Duc de Feltre.

About midnight the general officers were quietly warned, and quietly disappeared from the ball-room. Shortly after, the younger officers were summoned from the dance, but without any bustle, and the troops were mustering, but not in so hurried a manner as Lord Byron would have his readers believe.

By this time, the troops at Brussels were mustering, and before the sun of the 16th of June arose, "all were marching to the field of honour, and many to an early grave."

A shorter refutation of this idle error has appeared. Late in the year 1839, the Duke was asked one day at dinner

if he had seen the pamphlet published in America by General Grouchy, in answer to General Foy's attack on him respecting the manœuvres on the day previous to Waterloo? "I have," answered the Duke, "and Grouchy has the best of it. He could not move without orders, and orders he certainly did not receive. As to his manœuvres, I know all about them—I was a witness to them." "You!" exclaimed one of the party; "every one thought your Grace was in Brussels." "I know they did, but they were wrong; for, on the evening in question, I and Gordon (who was killed at Waterloo) took a squadron of horse as an escort, no one knowing us, and joined the Prussian head-quarters. I passed the whole of the night in conference with Blucher, Bulow, D'Yorck, and Klest. In the morning, I observed to Bulow, 'If I had an English army in the position in which yours now is, I should expect to be most confoundedly thrashed.' The attack of Grouchy soon afterwards commenced, and the Prussians were defeated. I waited long enough to see that event, and then thought it time to be off; and on the 17th Buonaparte made that movement on my flank which was the commencement of the battle of Waterloo."

THE DUKE AND THE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JOHN WATERS, K.C.B.

The Duke held Waters in the highest estimation; and, whenever any important information during the Peninsular war, as to the movements of the French, was required, the services of the gallant Waters were appealed to. It was his report of the motions of the French army that led to the battle of Busaco. It was Waters whom the Duke asked, when on the opposite side of the Douro, if he thought he could cross the river and see how matters stood with the French, then in possession of Oporto. No sooner said than done. Waters got a boat of some sort, worked himself across and returned with an additional boat; and, with this small beginning, the Duke, at a lower part of the river, got over a sufficient force to drive

the French out of the city. On another occasion it was reported at head quarters that Waters was captured, to which the Duke replied, "Waters will join us; I know him too well. Bring on his baggage." The Duke was right; for, that same day, Waters was seen galloping into camp, bare-headed. At the end of May, or the beginning of June, 1815, a letter was received at the Horse Guards by one of the officials, from his Grace, at Brussels, in which he says, "Send me Waters;" and in a postscript to the same letter, "Be sure to send me Waters." Accordingly, a messenger was despatched to his club, to ask for Colonel Waters's address. The only information that could be obtained was, that the gallant colonel was fishing somewhere in Wales; and, after applications to several of his friends, he could not be found. Fortunately, however, the weather in Wales became unpropitious for fishing. He wended his way slowly to London, where he found note after note awaiting his arrival. He went to the Horse Guards, read the Duke's letter, and that night he started to join his illustrious chief. He went in time to act as Deputy Adjutant-general of the forces, and to sign the returns of the killed and wounded at Waterloo, being himself one of the latter.

INCIDENTS AT WATERLOO.

The Duke might, with undiminished strategical reputation, probably, have avoided the combat at Waterloo; but the high ambition of the man forced him to its trial. In their remarks on the two occurrences previous to the battle, the two great leaders betrayed their profound consciousness of each other's abilities. "Some prisoners," writes the Duke on the evening of the 17th, "state that the French army, which followed us to-day, is commanded by Buonaparte in person, which, however, I am disinclined to believe, from our having been allowed to pass unmolested through the defile of Gemappe." On the morning of Waterloo, General Haxo, of the Engineers, returned

from a reconnoissance of the British line, and informed the Emperor that the English had not entrenched their position, nor constructed a single redoubt. "The bravest of the brave," Ney, arrived, and assured Napoleon that the English were, on the instant, preparing to retreat to the forest of Soignies. The Emperor replied: "No, the English are preparing for battle; Lord Wellington would not have lost last night in position, had he intended to retreat." On the morning of the battle, while the French remained unaccountably supine, the Duke, with characteristic activity, was providing against every possible emergency that might occur. He was shaved and dressed at two o'clock in the morning, sat down by the light of a lamp to his desk, and wrote many letters, of which three have been given to the public in Colonel Gurwood's invaluable collection. One of these—to the English minister at Brussels—has for its object the maintenance of quiet in that city. The writer speaks with confidence of the events which were hurrying forward, and assures his Correspondent that "the Prussians will be ready again for anything in the morning." "Pray keep the English quiet," he continues; "let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry nor a fright, as all will yet turn out well." Another, addressed to the Duc de Berri, gives a brief but clear account of the operations of the 16th, and explains the arrangements which had been made for the protection of the Mons Road at Hal. At the same time the Duke is advised to remove with his suite to Antwerp, and to carry thither also the King of France, though only as a measure of precaution. "I hope," says the Field Marshal, "indeed I have reason to believe, that all will go well; but it is necessary to look a good way before us, and to provide against serious losses, should any accident occur." The spare ammunition which had been packed overnight at Waterloo was so distributed as to be ready for carriage to all parts at a moment's notice.

During the first part of the action, the Duke stood in the

angle formed by the crossing of two roads, and on the right of the highway, beneath a solitary elm, the one called the Wellington Tree. After being mutilated and stripped by relic hunters, it was cut down and sold to an Englishman.

Speaking of the above tree, some one mentioned that it had nearly been all cut away, and that people would soon doubt if it had ever existed. The Duke at once said that he remembered the tree perfectly, and that a Scotch sergeant had come to him to tell him that he had observed it was a mark for the enemy's cannon, begging him to move from it. A lady said, "I hope you did, sir." He replied, "I really forget, but I know I thought it very good advice."

During the day, the colonel commanding the British artillery observed to the Duke: "I have got the exact range of the spot where Buonaparte and his staff are standing. If your grace will allow me, I think I can pick some of them off." "No, no," replied he, "generals-in-chief have something else to do in a great battle besides firing at each other."

The Duke, during the whole engagement, displayed the greatest talent and the soundest views, and set a brilliant example of presence of mind, courage, and confidence. "I know both my own troops and those with whom they are to fight," was his expression. When applied to for a short relief for the remnant of the 33rd Regiment, his reply was, "Everything depends on the firm countenance and unrelaxed steadiness of the British—they must not move." All who heard him issue orders took confidence from his undaunted composure; when near a tree, the balls flying round him, he remarked with a smile, "That is good practice: I think they fire better than they did in Spain." Wherever danger was most prominent, there he was to be found, exposing himself to the hottest fire of the enemy with a freedom that made all tremble for his life: and it is remarkable that whilst his staff fell man by man at his side, he did not receive the slightest wound. He directed every movement, and headed in person several charges. He

threw himself into the centre of squares charged by the enemy's cavalry, encouraging the officers by his directions, and cheering the nearly exhausted men by some words of encouragement. To the 95th, when expecting a charge, he said, "Stand fast 95th! we must not be beaten, my friends: what will they say of us in England?" And to another regiment, "Hard pounding this, gentlemen, but we'll see who can pound longest." Everywhere he was enthusiastically received, but with repeated cries for permission to charge. "Not yet, my brave fellows; be firm a little longer—you shall have at them by and by."

In the heat of the battle, when fresh columns of the enemy were rushing on, many were the remonstrances respectfully offered to the Duke, by General Officers commanding in various parts of the line. "Will the men stand?" briefly asked the former. "Till they die," was the answer. "Then I will stand with them," was the rejoinder. And again and again did these brave men meet the enemy with undiminished spirit, as long as there was an enemy in the front.

Sir William de Lancey received his death shot while the Duke was in close conversation with him; and many of his Grace's escapes were almost miraculous.

On one occasion, when a Belgic regiment fairly ran off, Lord Wellington rode up and said: "My lads, you must be a little blown; come, do take your breath for a moment, and then we'll go back, and try if we can do a little better;" and he actually carried them back to the charge. He was, indeed, upon that day, everywhere, and the soul of everything; nor could less than his personal endeavours have supported the spirits of men through a contest so long, so desperate, and so unequal. At his last attack, Buonaparte brought up 15,000 of his guard, who had never drawn trigger during the day. It was upon their failure that his hopes abandoned him. His last position was nearly fronting the tree where the Duke of Wellington was stationed: there was not more than a quarter

of a mile between them : Buonaparte was well sheltered, but the Duke so much exposed, that the tree was barked in several places by the cannon balls levelled at him.

Sir Walter Scott, who visited the field of Waterloo about five weeks after the battle, says, " If our army had been all British, the day would have been soon decided : but the Duke, or, as they call him here, the *beau*, from his detestation of all manner of foppery, had not above 35,000 British. All this was to be supplied by treble exertion on the part of our troops. The Duke was everywhere during the battle ; and it was the mercy of Heaven that protected him, when all his staff had been killed or wounded around him. I asked him, among many other questions, if he had seen Buonaparte : he said, 'No ; but at one time, from the repeated shouts of *Vive l'Empereur !* I thought he must be near.' This was when John de Costar placed him in the hollow way. I think, so near as I can judge, there may at that time have been a quarter of a mile between these two great generals."

In an account of the battle written at Brussels the day after, is this graphic passage : " We learnt that Napoleon had left the capital of France on the 12th : on the day of the 15th the frequent arrival of couriers excited extreme anxiety ; and towards evening, General Mufflin presented himself at the Duke's, with despatches from Blucher. We were all aware that the enemy was in movement, and the ignorant could not resolve the enigma of the Duke going tranquilly to the ball at the Duke of Richmond's—his coolness was above their comprehension.

" On the 17th, the Duke of Wellington displayed his whole force to the enemy, and seemed to defy them, to the combat—but in the evening retired upon Waterloo, and there reposed with some of his officers in the village, in the Forêt de Soignies. Picton had fallen ; each herald brought us tidings of a hero less, where all were heroes. That night was dreadful for the soldier and his horse : a fearful tempest arose. At early

dawn on the Sabbath, the British army beheld the legions of the enemy, in a superior number, ranged in order of battle, on the rising ground; and the sun at midday flashed over their brilliant casques and arms. The cannonade then became general: the Duke of Wellington exposed himself like a subaltern; his personal venture excited anxiety; in vain the officers of his staff urged him to be less conspicuous, for the fate of the battle hung upon his life, and it was evident that he had determined to conquer or die: we knew it in Brussels, and we knew also that the Prince of Orange would succeed to the command in such a dread emergency; and although we did not doubt the Prince's personal valour, we questioned much his experience in military tactics. In the streets everyone demanded 'will Blucher be able to advance?' and we were fully aware that if he could not effect a junction with Wellington before eight o'clock, all would be lost. At nine o'clock the two heroes felicitated each other at the small *auberge* of Gemappe. But it was not till three o'clock in the morning that 'Victory' was proclaimed by an *affiche* on the walls of the terrified population of Brussels."

The *Despatches* show the Duke to have written letters at a very early hour in the morning of the 18th; then fighting the battle, and pursuing the enemy till near midnight; the next day writing a long despatch, besides private letters, and returning to Brussels. "You will see," he says, "that I have not allowed the grass to grow under my feet."

One of the three letters written by the Duke *from the field* was a brief note, which, having enumerated some who had fallen, ended thus emphatically:—"*I have escaped unhurt; the finger of Providence was on me.*" What the impulse was which dictated these extraordinary words, we leave to the opinion of those who read them. . . . . When the dreadful fight was over, the Duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, gave way, and, as he rode amid the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the

vanquished and the shouts of the victors, fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words just quoted from his letter.

Again: "My heart," he feelingly writes, "is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers. Believe me, nothing excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won; the bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, but for the result to the public."

The Duke had with him at Waterloo, his cook, Mr. James Thornton, who had been with his Grace and dressed his dinner on that eventful day, as he had done on the days of the Duke's great battles from Salamanca, having joined his establishment at Grenada in 1811. Thornton relates: "I stood in the doorway of the house at the village of Waterloo, at half-past twelve p.m., when his Grace rode up after the battle, and, on getting off his horse Copenhagen, he saw me, and said, 'Is that you? Get dinner.' Lord Fitzroy lay in the next room, with his arm just amputated, and the bed of Colonel Gordon was there also, which was taken into Brussels in the vehicle in which I brought the *batterie-de-cuisine* to Waterloo." It was said that the Duke's cook was a Frenchman; "but," states Thornton, in a letter to the *Times*, "Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, with whom I have lived the last four years, says I ought to let the public know that it was an English cook, and not a Frenchman, who cooked the Duke's dinner on the glorious day of Waterloo."

On the morning after the fight of Waterloo, orders were transmitted to the proper authorities to make the usual specific account of killed and wounded, and forthwith to bring it to the Commander-in-Chief. Dr. Hume, principal medical attendant on his Grace's staff, on preparing the list, hastened to the Duke's tent, and giving the pass-word, was ushered in

by the sentinel. His Grace was asleep. The Doctor was aware of the fatigue the Duke's system had undergone, and hesitated to wake him. The order of the Duke, on the other hand, had been issued with more than usual peremptoriness; and the Doctor ventured to give the Duke a shake. In an instant, his Grace, dressed as he had been in full regimentals, was sitting on the bedside. "Read," was the significant command. For more than an hour had the Doctor read aloud the harrowing list, and then his voice failed, and his throat choked with emotion. He tried to continue, but could not. Instinctively he raised his eyes to the Duke. Wellington was still sitting, with his hands raised and clasped convulsively before him. Big tears were coursing down his cheeks. In a moment, the Duke was conscious of the Doctor's silence, and recovering himself, looked up and caught his eye. "Read on," was the stern command, and while his physician continued for hours, the "Iron Duke" sat by the bedside, clasping his hands, and rocking his body to and fro, with emotion. Such was the man his contemporaries charged with want of feeling.

"Some of the regiments," writes the Duke, June 25th, "(the new ones, I mean), are reduced to nothing; but I must keep them as regiments, to the great inconvenience of the service, at great expense; or I must send them home and part with the few British soldiers I have. I never was so disgusted with any concern as I am with this; and I only hope that I am going the right way to bring it to an early determination, some way or other."

His Grace writes, June 28th: "General ——— has been here this day, to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which proposition I have answered that I have no authority. The Prussians think the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. ——— wishes to kill him; but I have told him I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said, that as a private friend I advised him to have nothing to

do with so foul a transaction; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners, and that I was determined that, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."

In a letter to Marshal Beresford, July 2nd, the Duke writes, "You will have heard of the battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match; both were what the boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all; he just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

In a note from General Foy, found in Napoleon's carriage, is the history of the combat; and the secret of its words is, or nearly—"The hour is come when an old soldier feels it his duty to remind your Majesty, that, while the Duke of Wellington's position is one which he cannot contemplate for permanent occupation, you are now in front of an infantry, which, during the whole of the Spanish war, I never saw give way."

Some of the Duke's guests were discussing the circumstances of the battle of Waterloo in his presence. It was not his habit to take an active part in any conversation referring to his own campaigns. But on this occasion the arrival of Blucher, the absence of Grouchy, and other similar topics, together with the antecedent probabilities as to the issue of the great conflict, being freely talked of, the Duke suddenly said: "If I had had the army which was broken up at Bordeaux, the battle would not have lasted for four hours."

A nobleman ventured, in a moment of conviviality at his Grace's table, to put this question to him:—"Allow me to ask, as we are all here titled, if you were not SURPRISED at

Waterloo?" To which the Duke responded, "No; but I am NOW."

The late Lord Ward, in a letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, the year after this crowning battle says:—"The term 'Battle of Waterloo' must have been adopted for the sake of euphony, as no part of the battle reached that village, the struggle having taken place nearer to Brussels." He visited the tree near which the Duke stood for so many hours with his staff, and found it pierced with at least a dozen balls, and observes: "It is quite marvellous how he escaped. After the battle the Duke joined in the pursuit, and followed for some miles. Colonel Harvey, who was with him, advised him to desist, as the country was growing less open, and he might be fired at by a straggler from behind a hedge. The Duke shouted out, 'Let them fire away; the battle is over, and my life is of no value now!'"

In the whole contest, the Duke performed all the duties a military man could perform: *he was General of division, Commander of corps, and Colonel of a regiment.*

EFFECTS OF WATERLOO.

The Duke, writing June 23rd, says: "I may be wrong, but my opinion is, that we have given Napoleon his death-blow: from all I hear, his army is totally destroyed; the men are deserting in parties; even the generals are withdrawing from him. The infantry throw away their arms, and the cavalry and the artillery sell their horses to the people of the country, and desert to their homes. Allowing for much exaggeration in this account, and knowing that Buonaparte can still collect, in addition to what he has brought back with him, the 5th corps d' armée under Rapp, which is near Strasburg, and the 3rd corps, which was at Wavre during the battle, and has not suffered so much as the others, and probably some troops from Vendée, I am still of opinion that he can make no head against us; *qu'il n'a qu'à se pendre.*"

LETTER TO MARSHAL BERESFORD.

The Duke writes, August 7th, 1815: "The battle of Waterloo was certainly the hardest fought battle that has been for many years, I believe, and has placed in the power of the allies the most important results. We are throwing them away, however, by the infamous conduct of some of us; and I am sorry to add, that our own Government are taking up a little too much the tone of their rascally newspapers. They are shifting their objects, and, having got their cake, they want both to keep it and eat it.

"As for your Portuguese concerns, I recommend you to resign, and come away immediately. It is impossible for the British Government to maintain British officers for the Portuguese army, at an expense even so trifling as this, if the Portuguese Government are to refuse to give the service of the army in the cause of Europe in any manner. Pitch them to the devil, then, in the mode which will be most dignified to yourself, and that which will have the best effect in opening the Prince's eyes to the conduct of his servants in Portugal, and let the matter work its own way. Depend upon it, the British Government must and will recall the British Officers."

MARLBOROUGH AT WATERLOO.

It is a singular fact, but little known, that in the course of his victorious campaigns the Duke of Marlborough once drew up his army in array, and prepared to fight a pitched battle against the French on the plains of Waterloo. A mere chance prevented the engagement. Smollet thus recounts the circumstance in his "History of England":—

"On the 3rd of August, 1705, Baron Spaar, with a body of Dutch troops, marched to Raboth, on the canal of Bruges, forced the French lines at Lovendegen, and took four forts by which they were defended; but receiving advice that the enemy were on the march towards him, he retired to

Mildegern, and carried with him several hostages, as security for the payment of the contributions he had raised. On the 15th the Duke of Marlborough moved from Mildert to Corbais; next day continued his march to Genap, from whence he advanced to Fischermont. On the 17th General D'Auverquerque took the post of WATERLOO; and next day the confederate army was drawn up in order of battle before the enemy, who extended from Overysche, near the wood of Soignies, to Neerysche, over the little river Ysch in their front, so as to cover Brussels and Louvain. The Duke of Marlborough proposed to attack them immediately before they should recollect themselves from their consternation; and D'Auverquerque approved of the design: but it was opposed by General Schlangenburg, and the other Dutch officers, who represented it in such a light to the Deputies of the States that they refused to concur in the execution. The Duke being obliged to relinquish the scheme, wrote an expostulatory letter to the States-General, complaining of their having withdrawn that confidence which they had reposed in him while he acted in Germany. This letter being published at the Hague, excited murmurs among the people; and the English nation were incensed at the presumption of the deputies, who wrote several letters in their own justification to the States-General. But these had no effect upon the populace, by whom the Duke was respected, even to a degree of adoration."

It is no less a fact, that the conquerors of each of these two days, on the same field, are the only commanders in the British service whose military career brought them to the summit of the peerage—to dukedoms.—*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.*

WELLINGTON SAVING NAPOLEON'S LIFE.

The late General V. Müffling, who was the agent of all the communications between the head-quarters of Blucher and the Duke of Wellington during the march of the allies on Paris,

after the return of Napoleon from Elba, relates the following circumstances in his Memoirs :—

"During the march (after the battle of Waterloo) Blucher had once a chance of taking Napoleon prisoner, which he was very anxious to do; from the French commissioners who were sent to him to propose an armistice he demanded the delivery of Napoleon to him as the first condition of the negotiations. I was charged by Marshal Blucher to represent to the Duke of Wellington that the Congress of Vienna had declared Napoleon outlawed, and that he was determined to have him shot the moment he fell into his hands. Yet he wished to know from the Duke what he thought of the matter; for if he (the Duke) had the same intentions, the Marshal was willing to act with him in carrying them into effect. The Duke looked at me rather astonished, and began to dispute the correctness of the Marshal's interpretation of the proclamation of Vienna, which was not at all intended to authorise or incite to the murder of Napoleon; he believed, therefore, that no right to shoot him in case he should be made prisoner of war could be founded on this document, and he thought the position both of himself and the Marshal towards Napoleon, since the victory had been won, was too high to permit such an act to be committed. I had felt all the force of the Duke's arguments before I delivered the message I had very unwillingly undertaken, and was therefore not inclined to oppose them. 'I therefore,' continued the Duke, 'wish my friend and colleague to see this matter in the light I do; such an act would give our names to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us, they were not worthy to be his conquerors; the more so, as such a deed is useless, and can have no object.' Of these expressions, I only used enough to dissuade Blucher from his intention."

There are three despatches given by Müffling in the appendix to his Memoirs, in which the execution of Napoleon is urged on the Duke of Wellington by Blucher; they are signed by Gneisenau, and leave no doubt of the determination to revenge the bloodshed of the war on the cause of it, had he fallen into the hands of the Prussian commander. Blucher's fixed idea was that the Emperor should be executed on the very spot where the Duc d'Enghien was put to death. The last despatch yields an unwilling assent to the Duke of Wellington's remonstrances, and calls his interference "dramatic

magnanimity," which the Prussian head-quarters did not at all comprehend. Probably but few Frenchmen are aware of the existence of this correspondence, or that it is an historical fact that Napoleon's life was saved by his rival, whom it cost no small exertion to save it.

THE DUKE'S "DESPATCHES."

Much eulogy has been expended at various times, and by various writers, on the clearness and precision of the Duke's style in his military despatches. His Grace was too candid to have any false modesty; if he did not admire his own compositions, he approved of them. After recently reading over some of his despatches as collected by Colonel Gurwood, he said; "Well, if these were to be written over again, I don't think I should alter a single word."

"The most complete work concerning the Duke of Wellington and his times," says Viesseux, in his able Military Memoir, "is his own Despatches, which, undesignedly on his part, have grown into a very large and very important book of contemporary history, and which may be consulted with great advantage by statesmen as well as by soldiers."

It has been well observed, that "the Duke lived to read, digest, and enjoy the best record of his own achievements—one which we prophesy, less on our own perhaps partial authority, than on that of the wisest and most eminent of his fervent political opponents, will live when we, with its author, are dust—a source of wonder and praise, and admiration to late, very late, generations."—*Quarterly Review*, 1838.

PUBLIC REWARDS AND HONOURS.

In 1815, as the Crown had exhausted its store of titles, and Parliament its forms of thanksgiving, the recognitions of his crowning victory took a more substantial shape. The news of Waterloo was brought on the 20th by Mr. Sutton, the proprietor

of a number of vessels plying between Colchester and Ostend, who made the voyage at his private cost. The Duke's Despatches arrived two days later, and were immediately conveyed to the two Houses of Parliament. A vote of thanks to the Duke and his army was carried by acclamation in the Lords; and in the Commons, the Minister (Lord Castlereagh) brought a message from the Prince Regent, in consequence of which an additional grant of 200,000*l.* was made, to purchase a mansion and estate for the conqueror. Illuminations were general throughout the country, and almost every steeple rang out its merriest peals. A form of thanksgiving was said in the churches on Sunday, the 9th of July; and a subscription, amounting to upwards of a hundred thousand pounds, was made for the widows and orphans of the slain. The Duke also generously relinquished, for the same purpose, half the Parliamentary compensation due to him for the Peninsular prize property. All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "Waterloo" on their banners; and every surviving soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service. The Duke was created Prince of Waterloo by the King of the Netherlands, who also conferred on him the estate of La Belle Alliance. The victory was mentioned in fitting terms in the Prince Regent's speech at the close of the session, on the 12th of July. The Corporation of London, a few days before, presented an address of congratulation to the Throne. The City also presented splendid swords to his Grace and the chief allied officers; the distribution being made, at the Lord Mayor's request, by the Duke himself.

In 1817, on June 18, Waterloo Bridge was opened with great ceremony, at which the hero of the title appeared, with the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, under a salute of 202 guns, in commemoration of the number of cannon taken from the French at Waterloo.

In June, 1819, the Waterloo prize money was distributed,

the Duke of Wellington's share being 60,000*l.*; a general's, 1250*l.*; a field-officer's, 420*l.*; a captain's, 90*l.*; a subaltern's, 33*l.*; a serjeant's, 9*l.*; a private's, 2*l.* 10*s.* About this time a magnificent dessert-service was presented to the Duke by the King of Saxony. A still more magnificent present was made the Duke by the King of Portugal: it consists of a silver plateau, thirty feet long and three feet and a half broad, of beautiful design and workmanship, and lighted by 106 wax tapers.

In 1822 was presented to the Duke the magnificent silver-gilt Wellington shield, described at page 70.

In the same year was erected, at the south-east corner of Hyde Park, a colossal trophy, by Westmacott, with this inscription:—"To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, this statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their countrywomen." The statue is about 18 feet high, and weighs upwards of 30 tons; cost 10,000*l.*, subscribed by ladies. The figure is copied from one of the famous antiques on the Monte Cavallo, at Rome; but Achilles is a misnomer: and the statue has never received its sword!

For twenty-two years this was the only statue of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast. On June 18, 1844, was placed in the area of the New Royal Exchange a bronze equestrian statue of Wellington, the last work of Chantrey; this being a testimonial of the citizens to the Duke for the great interest he had taken in the improvement of their city. In the same year was also inaugurated at Glasgow an equestrian statue of the Duke.

In 1846 was completed, and placed upon the Green Park arch, a stupendous colossal bronze statue of the Duke upon his horse Copenhagen, by M. C. Wyatt: height of the statue, 30 feet; fund raised, 30,000*l.*

In 1848 a stone statue of the Duke was placed within the

Tower of London; and in 1852 was inaugurated at Edinburgh a colossal equestrian bronze statue of the hero, by Steill.

In the reconstruction of Windsor Castle was added the "Waterloo chamber," wherein is Lawrence's full-length portrait of the Duke holding the sword of state on the day of thanksgiving for the battle of Waterloo: and in the Guard Chamber is the Duke's bust, by Chantrey, with the last annual banner presented by his Grace on June 18, by way of quit-rent for the domain of Stratfieldsay, in Hampshire.

The busts and portraits of the illustrious hero it would far exceed our limits to enumerate; but we cannot omit a very interesting picture, by Winterhalter, the circumstance of which is as follows: on his eighty-second birthday, his last anniversary but one, the Duke of Wellington repaired to Buckingham Palace, to present a jewelled casket to his royal godson, Prince Arthur, on the *first* anniversary of his birth. The infant Prince was in his cradle, and the Queen abroad; and the old warrior sat down to await the opening of those eyes that looked yet wonderingly upon the world in which he himself had played so long and great a part. While thus he sat, the Queen returned from the opening of the Palace of Glass—from the inauguration of the greatest peaceful triumph the world had ever seen, to find the hero of England's mighty warlike triumphs awaiting her. Dressed in the ceremonial robes, the Queen took the child from its cradle, and flinging a shawl over him, herself carried him to the veteran, who presents the casket; Prince Albert standing behind, and the Crystal Palace being in the extreme distance. The picture was cleverly painted, by command of the Queen; and has been engraved by Cousins.

"The Duke is accounted the second founder of his family. The Duke of Wellington, as the 'Peerage' loves to tell, and as we all love to read, scaled all the steps of nobility at one bound. He left England plain Sir Arthur, and came back a Duke. When he took his seat, all the patents of nobility

were read at once. But the British peerage itself, with its manifold steps, proved insufficient, and when Waterloo had eclipsed the Peninsula, there remained no other rank, title, or addition that England could bestow, and the Duke was Duke because he could be nothing higher. Thus, the highest rank of our ancient nobility was at the same time ennobled and diminished by the gigantic proportions of its new member. To proceed, we know not how many times the Duke of Wellington has received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and there is hardly an educated person who has not read over and over again with emotion those few wonderful words which the Speaker of the House of Commons addressed to the Duke when at last he appeared in person on that floor. Some of our nobility have also foreign titles, and are not a little proud of them, though their origin is long since forgotten. The Duke had the highest titles that could be given by three considerable sovereigns from whose territories he had driven the legions of the Emperor. The Duke was a Field Marshal—the only real Field Marshal—and when Englishmen are asked, 'What is a Field Marshal?' they will answer, 'The Duke of Wellington.' He was also Field Marshal in three other of the greatest armies in the world, where Field Marshals are as few as in our service. To pass on. The Order of the Garter is unspeakably precious to the eyes of rank in this country. A man without heirs would rather be a K.G. than a Duke. It is so mixed up with royalty, that the collar, the badge, the mantle, and the motto all decorate our coinage. The Duke of Wellington was in the first class of all the principal orders of Europe. Besides these honours on the scale and stage of the world, universally recognised and current, there are others that are only known at home, but not the less valued. The Wardenship of the Cinque Ports has been highly appreciated by our most distinguished Ministers. Of course, this has long been in the hands of the Duke; and tens of thousands, in passing from North to South Foreland,

have thought of him as they passed by Walmer Castle. To be Constable of the Tower of London is enough of itself to give importance to any military name. That has long been thrown in among other dignities. The Chancellorship of the University of Oxford, at the first vacancy after the Duke's exploits, was conferred upon him without opposition, though not an academical man. The Duke was for many years standing Commander-in-Chief, under changing cabinets, and rival Premiers equally bowed to his authority. He was also for a long time Master of the Trinity House, a post hardly less responsible and important. Besides these, he had colonelcies, commissionerships, and governorships without end, the Lord-Lieutenancy of his county, and a multitude of smaller offices and honours which it is impossible to remember and not easy to learn. We have omitted immense Parliamentary grants, pensions, Strathfieldsaye, prize-money, silver shields, plateaus, services in gold and china, diamond stars, poured in upon him by emperors, kings, armies, corporations, ladies, and every possible donor. We have omitted statues of all sorts and sizes. This extraordinary accumulation of honours was heaped by the gratitude, the admiration, and the confidence of this country, and the greater part of the civilised world, on a man who never rose or wished to rise above the rank of a subject or obedience to the laws, and whose sole principle through life was that which we teach the children in our Sunday schools, viz., to do their duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call them." —*Times*, Sept. 18, 1852.

MEDALS AND DECORATIONS.

The Duke's opinion is thought not to have been in favour of medals and decorations, as he said we had always done our duty without them; and that the feeling throughout the army was that they would be given (perhaps with few exceptions) to the aides-de-camp and relations of such general officers as were

serving. He has also described the difficulty he himself experienced in distributing the orders conferred by the allied sovereigns. He asked for the Waterloo medal to commemorate a great period, but was well aware that, issuing them to all, they could not confer honour upon every individual who obtained them.

THE WELLINGTON SHIELD.

Among the splendid commemorations of the Duke's military career, was the presentation to his Grace of this silver-gilt shield; the subscriptions for which purpose, by the merchants and bankers of London, exceeded 7000*l.* The design for this superb work was competed for, and Mr. Stothard, R.A., was the successful artist. The subjects were, of course, to be selected from the military life of the victorious General. Stothard had but three weeks to study the history of the wars, to make choice of his subjects, and to execute all his designs. He commenced by making extracts from the despatches of the period, which filled many pages of a manuscript folio volume. "It struck Stothard," says Mrs. Bray, in her recently published life of the artist, "that the shield of Achilles, executed some years before by Flaxman, (in respect to the arrangement of the compartments,) would apply with propriety to the work in question. Stothard's designs for the Wellington shield are rather large drawings, and executed in sepia. They commence with the Battle of Assaye, in the East Indies; conduct the gallant Duke through all his brilliant victories in the Peninsular War; and conclude with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent. These subjects are ranged in compartments, within a wreath of oak, twined round the shield. In the centre, is the Duke seated on horseback. Victory is placing a laurel crown on the victor's brow; and Anarchy, with the broken sword; Discord, with the extinguished torch; and Tyranny, with the displaced mask and useless dagger, beneath the warrior's feet. The wonder

of the central group consists in the management of the horses, *within the circle*, without the slightest confusion, or interference with each other; all the evolutions of the chargers emanating from the centre, in itself a most original conception. Stothard made his own models of the drawings for the chaser, and likewise etched the designs, the same in size as the originals. Whilst the shield was in progress, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington went to Stothard's house to see it. The shield was finished and presented; and Stothard, for his splendid designs and drawings, received his own demand—150 guineas; a very inadequate sum for such a work." The great incidents of the several victories are most picturesquely told in the compartments of the design.

Stothard subsequently applied to the Duke, to prevent any other person executing drawings from the shield; when he was assured by his Grace that no copy should be taken to the artist's detriment, and that Messrs. Green and Ward, who had executed the shield in silver, "should also be desired not to allow any one to make a copy without his Grace's express permission." "The shield is mine!" emphatically added the Duke.

HUMANITY TO AN OFFICER'S ORPHAN.

During the late war in the Punjab, Captain Field, of her Majesty's 9th regiment of foot, was killed in action at Ferozepore. His widow sailed down the Ganges with her three children (two daughters and a son) for Calcutta, on her way to England. The daughters both died of cholera at Calcutta. Mrs. Field, with her only remaining child, then embarked for her native country; but she herself died on the passage, and was committed to the deep off St. Helena, consigning her orphan son to his grandfather, Captain Farrant, whose death occurred before the ship's arrival. Captain Farrant's widow (stepmother to Mrs. Field) took charge of the poor child; and her sister, Miss White, addressed the Duke

of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief, in the little orphan's behalf. The following was the highly characteristic reply of the illustrious Duke :—

"LONDON, *June* 23, 1846.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington, presents his compliments to Miss White. He has received her note. The Duke, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the army, has not the power or authority to order or authorise the expenditure of one shilling of public money on any account or upon any service whatever. The Secretary at War is the officer entrusted exclusively with the administrations of the laws and regulations for the grant of pensions to the widows and allowances to the orphans of the officers of the army. The Commander-in-Chief has no control over that officer or his duties, and it is inconsistent with his duty to interfere in them. Miss White or Mrs. Farrant must apply to the Secretary at War."

But though a high sense of duty prevented him from interfering, as Commander-in-Chief, in the child's behalf, the touching tale failed not to move his benevolent sympathies: for, after considering how best he could befriend the case, he directed a communication to be made officially through Lord Fitzroy Somerset, that his Grace had procured for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital. The little fellow, W. Field, is now there, in No. 7, enjoying the judicious exercise of his illustrious patron's benevolence; and, the boy's bent being for the army, it is hoped that a commission may hereafter be obtained for him on leaving that excellent institution.

GENTLE REPROOF.

The lately appointed Bishop of Nova Scotia applied to the Government of that province to allow the soldiers of the garrison to *present arms* to him, which Sir John Harvey permitted until he heard from the Commander-in-Chief. The old Duke's answer was, "The only attentions the soldiers are to pay the bishop *are to his sermons.*"

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

After the battle of Chillianwallah, in which Lord Gough was accused of indiscretion, and had been superseded, the Duke was asked to furnish three names from which Lord Gough's successor might be chosen: he replied, "Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier." Sir Charles at first declined to accept the command, whereupon his Grace said, "Very well: then I must go myself."

On asking Sir Charles Napier to take the command in India, the Duke is said to have handed him a short paper of instructions; and on his returning them to him, he said, "Well, then, if you understand them, go out and execute them."

The following lines first appeared several years since, in the *Morning Post*:—

"TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
The tyrant of a world, and conquering Fate
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety: no gusts of mind
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind
The breath ordained by Nature.

"Thy calm mien
Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed;
Duty thine only idol, and serene
When all are troubled; in the utmost need
Prescient; thy country's servant ever seen,
Yet sovereign of thyself whate'er may speed.

(Signed) "B. DISRAELI."

THE DUKE BEARING THE SWORD OF STATE, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE DUKE AS A STATESMAN.

THE DUKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Great Duke—a sagacious colleague at a Cabinet Council, the dignified host at a Waterloo banquet, the exact and impartial dispenser of patronage at the Horse Guards, the accomplished musical connoisseur at the Italian Opera: and the kind, hearty, and sympathising old gentleman at the latest marriage ceremony or christening—the Great Duke, we say, never looked more in his element than in the House of Lords.

His Grace was no *dilettanti* legislator. Exactly at five

o'clock during the Session, he was on his way down Whitehall, either on horseback—for he rode with uncommon ease and grace, notwithstanding his advanced years—or in a carriage of novel construction which he had himself designed, drawn by one horse—a kind of cabriolet on four wheels. In the House of Lords, the Duke did not come in for a lounge or a gossip, as is the custom of many noble lords, but applied himself steadily to the business under discussion. Seated on one of the cross-benches just below the woolsack, or, when the House was not in Committee, occupying the chair of the Chairman of Committees at the table, the Duke gave his entire and conscientious attention to every thing that was said on both sides of the House. So strict and unbroken was his determination to hear everything, that people who heard noble lords make prosy and rambling speeches, in which they repeated arguments which had been a dozen times before repeated in the House of Commons, and who saw the Duke of Wellington still listening with undiminished attention, conceived a theory that the Duke never read the newspapers, and formed his opinion upon public measures only from the evidence, and explanations and arguments which came before him in his legislative capacity. Such a practice is in the strictest conformity with constitutional theory, although little in accordance, perhaps, with the habits of modern statesmen in the ranks of the Peerage.

The Duke of Wellington always seemed to us the best dressed man in the House of Lords. Other Peers, although we do not remember one, may have appeared in better fitting garments; but there was a happy suitableness in the colour and fashioning of the Duke's clothes which showed that he exercised the nicest supervision over his tailor, and by no means suffered that functionary to apparel him in the newest modes. His favourite costume was a blue frock coat, white waistcoat, white trousers, and white neckcloth—the latter fastened behind with a large silver buckle. In the winter of 1851-2, the Duke made his appearance in the House of Lords in a short white cloak or cape, which at first excited much

attention from its singularity. But, upon examination it was seen to cover the old man's neck and chest in so warm and cosy a manner, and to agree so well with his clear complexion and white hairs, that it seemed one of the most graceful winter garments imaginable.

The Duke's style of oratory was no doubt deficient in the higher flights of rhetoric, which he never affected, but it possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of plainness, perspicuity, and energy. He went straight at his mark and seldom missed the bull's-eye. Latterly there were frequent pauses in his speeches, not arising from want of words or a paucity of ideas, but from a difficulty of articulation and ejaculation. Of late years, the Duke's deafness had so grown upon him that he interchanged very few remarks in the House with his most intimate friends. He became conscious that his interlocutor could not become audible to him without being heard by almost every one in the House, and the Duke did not choose to make a confidant of the Bench of Bishops and the Strangers' gallery.

The Duke's temperance was carried to the verge of abstemiousness. His ability to endure fatigue was remarkably shown upon the memorable Corn-law debate in the House of Lords, when his Grace took his seat upon the Ministerial benches at five o'clock, and did not once leave his place till their lordships divided at five o'clock the next morning. The Duke, upon this occasion, took an affecting leave of their lordships and of public life; but, ever faithful to the call of duty, he not unfrequently took a part in debate.—*From the Illustrated London News, Sept. 25.*

To the political importance of the Duke in the House of Lords, the following testimony was borne by Lord John Russell, in his address at Stirling, on Sept. 21: "There were few, perhaps there were no persons, except the late Lord Melbourne and myself, who can bear this testimony—that however he (the Duke) might differ in political sentiments with

the person who held the chief office in the political service of the State, he was as willing, as ready, as forward in giving every assistance that he thought for the benefit of his country, to one who differed in political opinions, as he would have been to the dearest of his political friends." This is indeed high praise, the value of which is infinitely increased, when coming from the mouth of a political opponent. But few persons know so well as Lord John Russell the value of the influence which the Duke exercised. Often and often has his Grace had in his pocket enough votes to give a majority in the House of Peers. He has had—it is known—as many as sixty proxies confided to him. The Duke of Wellington, by his death, has thus surrendered the keeping of some sixty consciences, which will now be wandering about as sheep without a shepherd, liable to become the prey of political marauders.

"NO MISTAKE."

In 1827, the death of Mr. Canning having led to the formation of the Goderich Administration, the Duke of Wellington resumed, on the 27th of August, the command of the army. In the January following, the *pro tempore* Administration of Lord Goderich having broken down, the Duke of Wellington was called upon by the King to form an Administration. His first impulse was to decline the mission: but, to use his own words, "finding, in the course of the negotiation, which arose out of the commands of his Majesty, that there was a difficulty in getting another individual to fill the place, and that it was the unanimous wish of those with whom he usually acted that he should take the office, he determined to accept it." In other words, the idea of duty and discipline prevailed over other considerations; for all who have studied the Duke's character will believe that he was for the time quite sincere when he declared his belief that he was not fitted for the office of Prime Minister.

Installed in office, the Duke went to work in true military style. His Administration was composed chiefly of the noblemen and gentlemen who had resigned with him in the previous year, of whom Mr. Peel was the most prominent. Mr. Canning, however, had infused a little Whig blood in his Ministry. The new members thus affiliated to Toryism, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Grant, were also retained. The Duke was a martinet in his official capacity, and exacted the most prompt and entire obedience from his subordinate colleagues. Mr. Huskisson soon felt this. The Duke, like all military men, hated ideologists; and he looked on Mr. Huskisson, with his liberal Toryism and Free-trade tendencies, as one of this class. It was not long before he found an excuse for getting rid of him, and those others who were not Tories of pure blood. On the East Retford Bill, Mr. Huskisson presumed to hold an opinion, and gave a vote different from that which the *mot d'ordre* had prescribed. The same night, feeling the importance of the step, he sat down, in excitement, and wrote a letter, in which he conditionally placed his office at the Duke's disposal. Had the Duke desired to retain him, he would have given him time to reflect; but the opportunity was tempting, and the Duke chose to regard the letter as an unconditional resignation. He even proceeded to clench the matter by filling up Mr. Huskisson's place. In vain did Lord Palmerston endeavour to patch up a reconciliation. The Duke was immoveable; and, in answer to a suggestion that there had been a misconception, wrote his celebrated words, "It is no mistake; it can be no mistake; it shall be no mistake." This positiveness settled the affair. The people thought it a capital joke to see these theoretical men thus sent to the right about by the practical soldier; and it is on record that when the news of Huskisson's dismissal was known, numerous vessels in the Thames hoisted their flags in token of satisfaction. This was because Mr. Huskisson was known to be a Free-trader.

THE DUKE AND LORD ELDON.

A strange scene took place between these two statesmen, on the formation of the Duke's Administration, early in 1828. The day after his Grace received the King's commands, he wrote to Lord Eldon, declaring his intention of calling on him the next day. By Lord Eldon's account, the meeting was an awkward one; the ex-Chancellor evidently expecting the offer of some portion of the Administration, though too old to resume his seat on the woolsack. "From the moment of his quitting me," writes Lord Eldon, "to the appearance in the papers of all the appointments, I never saw his Grace. I had no communication with him, either personally, by note, letter, by message through any other person, or in any manner whatever, and for the whole fortnight I heard no more of the matter than you did,—some of my colleagues in office—(and much obliged to me, too)—passing my door constantly, on their way to Apsley House, without calling upon me. In the meantime rumour was abroad that I had refused all office." However, it being somehow communicated that Lord Eldon was much hurt at this sort of treatment, brought the Duke to him again, and the object of his visit seemed to be to account for all this. "He stated, in substance," says Lord Eldon, "that he had found it impracticable to make any such administration as he was sure I should be satisfied with, and, therefore, he thought he should only be giving me unnecessary trouble in coming near me,—or to that effect." Then out came the old politician's soreness about not having been offered the office of President of the Council, and about being considered impracticable, which he was sure nobody had any reason to suppose; and about having been neglected for a whole fortnight: the Duke gave as a justification for having concluded that Lord Eldon would not have approved the composition of the ministry, that he seemed as if he did not like it, now the whole ministry was complete; to which Lord Eldon

emphatically replied, that he thought it a d——d bad one. "We conversed together," he continued, "however, till it seemed to me we both became a good deal affected."—*See Life of Lord Eldon, Vol. III.*

THE DUKE'S DUEL WITH LORD WINCHILSEA.

On February 5, 1829, the policy of the Government with regard to Catholic Emancipation was plainly announced in the speech from the throne, and immediately afterwards, the Duke in the Lords, and Mr. Peel in the Commons, met the exigencies of their respective positions by manful acknowledgment and unanswerable reasoning. It was on this occasion that the Duke, having demonstrated the positive necessity of either advancing or receding, dismissed the latter alternative with his celebrated declaration:—"My Lords, I am one of those who have probably passed more of my life in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil war too, and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it." The opposition was most determined; but the Duke carried his point, and in little more than a month the Relief Bill passed both houses by large majorities, received the royal assent, and became the law of the land.

Yet the success was not without its cost. Protestant societies wept over the "lost consistency" of the Great Duke—the King was angered—Tories stood aloof from the Government—the Ministry was modified. One episode of the history is too remarkable to be omitted. The Duke had been chosen patron of King's College, in the Strand, which had been established to combat the rival seminary in Gower-street. On the disclosure of the ministerial policy, Lord Winchilsea, writing to a gentleman connected with the new establishment, spoke of the Duke and his patronship in these terms:—"Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was

intended as a blind to the Protestant and High-Church party, that the noble Duke, who had for some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties and the introduction of Popery into every department of the State." These expressions, coming from such a quarter, appeared to the Duke to call for personal notice, and, after a vain essay of explanation, the Prime Minister of England, attended by Sir Henry Hardinge, and the Earl of Winchilsea, attended by Lord Falmouth, met in Battersea Fields on the 21st of March, in full session, to discharge loaded pistols at each other on a question concerning the Protestant religion. The life of the great captain, however, was not exposed to danger. Lord Winchilsea, after receiving the Duke's shot, fired in the air, and then tendered the apology in default of which the encounter had occurred.

THE DUKE AND THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

In 1829, the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clarence, was thought by the straightforward and simple-mannered Premier (Wellington) to have mixed up too much of the popularity-seeking heir-presumptive with the business of his office. There had been a vast deal of jaunting and cruising about, presenting of colours, preparations of shows on sea and land, which appeared to the Duke of Wellington to be more expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable; and it is believed that the retirement of the Lord High Admiral was caused by a plain expression of the Premier's opinion on this matter. It is said that on a long account for travelling expenses being sent in to the Treasury by the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Wellington endorsed the paper: "*No travelling expenses allowed to the Lord High Admiral,*" and

dismissed it. Yet, this is not a whit more curt than the "No mistake" indorsement of the Huskisson letter.

THE DUKE'S COMPREHENSIVENESS.

In 1834, when the Whigs had been dismissed, the King, (William IV.), as usual, "sent for the Duke." Sir Robert Peel appeared to be the party most eligible for the formation of a Ministry; but, Sir Robert being abroad, the Duke actually, at his Sovereign's desire, took upon himself, *ad interim*, eight of the chief Government offices together, including those of the three Secretaries of State.

THE DUKE AND LORD HILL.

Upon the occasion of the birth of the Princess-Royal the Duke was in the act of leaving Buckingham Palace, when he met Lord Hill; in answer to whose inquiries about her Majesty and the little stranger, his Grace replied, "Very fine child, and very red, very red; nearly as red as *you, Hill!*" a jocose allusion to Lord Hill's claret complexion.

"SELL, OR SAIL."

An officer of the 46th once got leave of absence from his regiment (then stationed at Cape Coast Castle) for six months, and at the expiration of that time applied for a renewal of it; but the answer he received was truly laconic and characteristic of the Duke; it consisted of three small words—"Sell, or sail!"

THE DUKE'S PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHARTIST INSURRECTIONS IN 1848.

On the memorable 10th of April, the peculiar genius of our great Captain was exerted to the unspeakable advantage of peace and order in the metropolis, threatened by the mischievous pretensions of the Chartists. "So effective were the Duke's preparations, that the most serious insurrection could

have been successfully encountered, and yet every source of provocation and alarm was removed by the dispositions adopted. No military display was anywhere to be seen. The troops and the cannon were all at their posts, but neither shako nor bayonet was visible; and for all that met the eye, it might have been concluded that the peace of the metropolis was still intrusted to the keeping of its own citizens. As an instance, however, of his forecast on this memorable occasion, it may be observed, that orders were given to the commissioned officers of artillery to take the discharge of their pieces on themselves. The Duke knew that a cannon-shot too much or too little might change the aspect of the day, and he provided by these remarkable instructions both for imperturbable forbearance as long as forbearance was best, and for unshrinking action when the moment for action came."—*Memoir in the Times, Sept.* 16.

During the arrangements, a distinguished member of the Government, suggesting several points of military arrangement, received in each instance the reply, "Done already;" or "Done three hours since."

It may be added, that all this was done at a period when several of the crowned heads of Europe were placed in great jeopardy of having their sovereignty taken from them.

THE DUKE AS A SANITARY REFORMER.

His Grace is known to have taken considerable interest in the Sanitary progress of late years. Not long since, he paid a visit of inspection to the model lodging-house in the St. Pancras-road. Dr. Arnott was one day surprised at being sent for by the Duke, and closely questioned as to the power of the Arnott stove for economising fuel, his Grace wishing to consider of its applicability to the use of his own tenantry; and he tried one made of brick as an economical experiment.

The Duke himself was, however, as a general, an eminent

Sanitarian. He was aware that in war more effective strength was lost by disease than by the sword. His military career was distinguished by his taking, and at times making, good sanitary as well as good military positions. One of his greatest achievements has been declared by the best authorities to have been as much (or more) due to the sanitary strength of his position than to its military strength—namely, the lines of Torres Vedras; his own position was that of the salubrious air and water of the hill top; that of Massena and the French the damp mud, marsh, and water of the valley bottom. The smaller army of the Duke, in its superior sanitary position, was in health, in strength, and spirits; whilst marsh fever, and the effects of the low sanitary position, soon weakened the strength of the larger host beneath him, and compelled it to retreat, enabling him to follow in strength sufficient to cope with it. In the course of the Peninsular war, upon the occupation of a town, more trouble was often taken to render it tenable against typhus than against the French. Holes were knocked into rooms to ensure ventilation, fire-places and chimneys were constructed, thorough cleansings were ordered; and for these purposes old quarters were properly "knocked to pieces" and almost reconstructed, however rudely. The regulations of the light divisions of the Duke's army are quoted in a Sanitary Report, to show the very serious attention paid to them, for which superior as well as inferior officers were held responsible; and also to show that the sanitary discipline of his camps was in those respects in advance of the civil administration of "the towns, whose populations never change their encampments," and have no such care.

THE DUKE'S EULOGIUM ON SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Of the many eulogies which the character of the late Sir Robert Peel received within the walls of Parliament, on the receipt of the sad tidings of his death, the short, but pregnant

testimony borne to his worth by the Duke of Wellington was not the least remarkable. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Lords Stanley and Brougham had paid eloquent and touching tributes to the memory of the deceased statesman, when the noble and gallant Duke rose to take his share in the mournful ceremony. His feelings so overcame him, that it was some time ere he could acquire the command of speech, and the words we now quote were uttered at such lengthened intervals that the effort to articulate was painfully apparent:

"My Lords," at last gasped the old warrior, "I rise to give expression to the satisfaction with which I have heard this conversation on the part of your Lordships, both on the part of those noble Lords who were opposed to Sir Robert Peel during the whole course of their political lives, and on the part of those noble friends of mine who have been opposed to him only lately. Your Lordships must all feel the high and honourable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel, I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. My Lords, I could not let this conversation close without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his character. I again repeat to you, my Lords, my satisfaction at hearing the sentiments of regret which you have expressed for his loss."

THE DUKE AT THE OPENING OF THE LAST SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

If upon ordinary occasions, when the Duke graced the House of Lords with his presence, he was the object of attention, there were two days in the year when he received gentle and admiring glances, sufficient to turn the head of any man whose mind was less evenly balanced. We refer to the ceremonial upon the

opening and prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person. The writer was among the favoured few who witnessed this grand and imposing ceremonial at the opening of the last session of Parliament, The Duke of Wellington had never seemed to look better. His white hairs were combed and brushed with a grace and precision which would have seemed dandyism in any one else. His cheeks seemed to be filling out as if Nature had some obesity in store for that spare frame. Never had he looked more venerable. Every one esteemed it a privilege to see the Great Captain of the age—the greatest subject in Christendom. Not a few experienced a presentiment that this might be the last Speech from the Throne on opening a new Session, that the Duke might be spared to hear. Never, it is certain, was so much attention directed to the illustrious warrior. The proudest Peeress and the greatest beauty felt happy in obtaining a nod, a passing word, a shake of the hand. The Duke could not but be conscious of the admiration of which he was the object, yet he knew how to retire within himself. When the Queen was present, the Duke knew of no one else, and his own pretensions to distinction never came into his head, even if they occurred to any one else.

When the ermined robe of the Duke was thrown over the Field-Marshal's uniform, the Queen was at the door of her Royal Palace, and the Duke prepared to carry the Sword of State in the Royal procession. The Duke's place on this occasion was on the highest step of the throne, on her Majesty's left hand—the corresponding place on the Queen's right being occupied by the Mistress of the Robes. When her Majesty had taken her seat, the Sword of State was held by the Duke in an erect position, and with an air that would have done credit to the smartest corporal of the Guards. Becoming, however, more and more interested in the successive passages of the Royal Speech, his Grace, by degrees, bent his aged head to the level of her Majesty's lips, while the sword in his right hand assumed a regicidal angle of incidence which the venerable Duke

would have been inexpressibly shocked to observe. Happily the sword was sheathed, and no harm was done; and her Majesty and her faithful Lords and Commons, were too much occupied with the delivery of the Royal Speech to notice the threatening position of the Sword of State, suspended over the Royal neck, it is true, at that moment, but in the most loyal hands in the world.—*Illustrated London News, Sept.* 25.

Again, at the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person, his Grace supported the State sword, when a noble peer, perceiving that the Duke felt somewhat inconvenienced by the incumbrance, observed:—"I fear, my Lord, that it must prove irksome to you to sustain the weight of that sword." "I DO feel the weight of it sensibly," replied his Grace; "I am obliged to shift it from one position to another to ease myself of the burden: it really appears to me as heavy as a regimental firelock." Except this attendance at the prorogation, the Duke's last public act within the walls of the House of Lords, was on June 23rd, when his Grace moved an humble address to her Majesty for a copy of an order with respect to the transmission of reinforcements to the Cape, &c.

THE DUKE'S LATEST OFFICIAL ACTS.

His Grace's last official act of any importance, as Commander-in-Chief, at the War-office, was the regulation of the uniform to be worn by the officers of the Militia then in course of enrolment. So anxious was the Duke for the early issue of these regulations, that on the Saturday previous to his lamented death, a special messenger attended at the Government printing-office to convey the proof for his Grace's revision and signature, so that the document might be at once forwarded to the lords-lieutenant of counties, and acted on.

About a month previous (August 13th), the Duke attended a meeting of the lieutenancy of Hampshire, at Winchester. The hour announced was twelve o'clock; but his Grace finding

that the ten o'clock down-train would not arrive at Winchester till half-past twelve, to save the gentlemen waiting half-an-hour, he started by the seven o'clock train, arrived at the White Hart Hotel at half-past nine, and there remained until ten minutes before twelve. He then walked from the hotel to the jury-room, in the middle of the street between two gentlemen, leaning on neither, preserving his independence, yet appearing with the tremulous step of dignified age. He entered the Grand Jury-room exactly as the town clock struck twelve.

It became known that the Duke would leave Winchester by the half-past three up-train: there was a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, and many of the clergy, on the platform to receive him. His Grace came about a quarter of an hour before the arrival of the train, took his seat on the out-door form, amongst the people, until the train came up, when he entered the railway-carriage. Three cheers, with one cheer more, were given for the Duke; the train was then put in motion. The venerable man bowed to the people—and "they saw his face no more."

THE DUKE'S LOVE OF TRUTH.

When, upon the death of Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington sought to express what seemed to him most admirable in the character of his friend, he said that he was the *truest* man he had ever known. It was the instinct of a man himself as true as he was great, thus to place the regard for truth in the front rank of human qualities. On that simple and noble basis his own nature rested. He could not vapour or utter a lie, even in a bulletin. Everything with him was simple, direct, straightforward, and went to the heart of its purpose, if anything could. In all that has singled out England from the nations, and given her the front place in the history of the world, the Duke of Wellington was emphatically

an Englishman. His patience, his probity, his punctuality in the smallest things, in everything the practical fidelity and reliability of his character, we rejoice to regard as the type of that which has made us the great people that we are. He passed the whole of his early and most active life in foreign countries, but his native and noble stubbornness resisted their influences. His very French, when he wrote it, is downright English phrase and idiom put into French words; and as for his English despatches, they are masterpieces of what alone they pretend to be, plain sense put into plain words. Acting greatness, he was content to leave the talk of it to others.—We quote these eloquent words of sterling truth from the *Examiner*:—"It has, indeed, been well said, that 'the Duke's whole existence was a practical refutation of all falsehood.' This is high praise in an age like the present, when the great difficulty is to find persons uniformly *speaking the truth.*"

THE ONLY MEETING OF NELSON AND WELLINGTON.

At the Colonial Office, in Downing-street, in a small anteroom on the right hand as you enter, the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) and Lord Nelson, both waiting to see the Secretary of State, met,—the only time in their lives. The Duke knew Nelson from the portraits of him; Lord Nelson did not know the Duke, but was so struck with his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he was.—*Cunningham's Hand-book of London.*

On August 1st, 1838, the Duke presided at a great meeting at the London Tavern, for the purpose of adopting means for the erection of a monument to the memory of Lord Nelson; which, upon the recommendation of the Duke, was decided to be a column, now nearly completed in Trafalgar Square.

STRATFIELDSAY, APSLEY HOUSE, AND WALMER CASTLE.

THE DUKE AT HOME.

THE DUKE AT APSLEY HOUSE.

IN this magnificent mansion the Duke resided during the London season, since the year 1820 ; it was previously the residence of his Grace's eldest brother, the Marquis Wellesley. It was not, however, built for the Duke, as often stated ; but for Henry Bathurst, Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst and Lord High Chancellor, the son of Pope's friend, to whom the site was granted by George III., under letters patent, March 3, 1784. The house, originally of red brick, of tasteless design, by Adam, was cased with Bath stone, in 1828-9, from the designs of Benjamin Wyatt ; when were added the front

portico, and the west wing containing on the upper stories a gallery 90 feet long (to the west); "but the old house is intact; so much so, indeed, that the hall-door and knocker belonged to the original Apsley House. The iron blinds, bullet-proof, it is said, were put up by the Duke, during the ferment of the Reform Bill, when his windows were broken by a London mob. They were the first of the kind, and have since been generally copied. The Crown's interest in the house was sold to the Duke by indenture of the 15th June, 1830, for the sum of 9530*l.*; the Crown reserving a right to forbid the erection of any other house on the site.*—*Cunningham's Handbook of London*, 2nd edit. p. 17.)

Having rung the bell in Piccadilly, and one of the gates being opened by a hale old soldier, whom the Duke promoted to the situation of porter, you cross the court-yard and enter the hall: to the right is the waiting-room, from which, as well as by passing through a swing-door in front, you are introduced into a suite of rooms, occupying the rest of the ground-floor. These rooms are three: that in the centre was occupied by his Grace's private secretary; that on the right was the Duke's own room; and that on the left, the state dining-room. The Duke's room is the most unpretending of

* There is an odd story told of the site. When London did not extend so far as Knightsbridge, George II., as he was one morning riding, met an old soldier who had served under him at the battle of Dettingen; the King accosted him, and upon inquiry learned that he got his living by selling apples in a small hut. "What can I do for you?" said the King. "Please, your Majesty, to give me the bit of ground my hut stands on, and I shall be happy." "Be happy," said the King; and ordered the old soldier his request. Years rolled on, the apple-seller died and left a son who, by dint of industry, became a respectable attorney. The then Chancellor leased the ground to a nobleman, and the apple-stall had fallen to the ground, where also lay the old apple-man and woman. It being conceived the ground had lapsed to the Crown, a stately mansion was soon built, when the attorney put in his claim; a small sum was offered as a compromise, and refused; and finally 450*l.* per annum, ground-rent, was settled on.

the whole: it has a bookcase at one end, and piles of boxes everywhere else, carefully docketed and made upon a principle of which the Duke was the author. In each of these is stowed away a whole year's-worth of letters, as well those received as copies of all dispatched. The Duke's table is a large one, which folds up in the middle, is provided with drawers and a sliding cover, on drawing down which over his papers His Grace was enabled, by means of a spring-lock, to render all secure in a moment. There are, besides, two or three plain tables in the room, with chairs and sofas; and over the chimney-piece a portrait of Napoleon. The carpet is in pattern the same that you find throughout the house; the window-curtains correspond with those in the rooms beyond, and the look-out is upon a lawn, where his Grace was accustomed, at times, to take snatches of exercise. Of course, the Duke's room had its own outlet, as well as a direct communication with that in which his Secretary sat, and the good-humoured yet sharp tone in which the word "Algy" was often heard in the latter, proved that the double doors dividing them were yet pervious to the human voice when rightly pitched. In the Secretary's room, in an end glass-case, are the china vases, elaborately painted and gilded, which were presented to the Duke at the close of the war, by the late King of Prussia. A plain-library table, chintz-covered chairs, a proportion of boxes, docketed like those in the Duke's *sanctum*, make up the sum of the furniture. The large dining-room is only used on state occasions. The walls are set round with glass cases, containing a profusion of china, gifts from crowned heads: about eighty persons may dine here without inconvenience.

The grand staircase is on the spiral plan, and resembles the shaft of a well; at its foot stands Canova's colossal marble statue of Napoleon, with a figure of Victory on a globe in his hand. Lord Bristol, when he first saw this statue in Canova's studio, admired it excessively; his only criticism was that the

globe appeared too small for the figure. Canova, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, addressing an English nobleman, answered this very happily:—"Vous pensez bien, my lord, que la Grande Bretagne n'y est pas comprise." The staircase conducts to a corridor, whence branches off a suite of rooms; those opening into each other being the smaller dining-room, the ball-room, the drawing-room, and the picture-gallery—all furnished in uniform taste, and richly gilded and ornamented. The collection of pictures includes four or five Murillos, besides Rubenses, Correggios, a Titian or two, Annibal Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Vandyke, Wouvermans; and, in short, all the great masters of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish schools, mixed up with the most exquisite productions of the pencil both in France and in England; for, side by side with the most renowned of the olden names, are those of our own Sir Joshua, of Lawrence, and of Landseer, while David has contributed more than one gem. Portraits of Napoleon are multiplied everywhere; insomuch, that while Emperors of Russia and of Austria, Kings of Prussia, France, and even England, greet you by pairs, you find yourself confronted in different parts of the house by six Napoleons at the least.

Among the pictures, Cunningham notes: Sarah, the first Lady Lyndhurst, by Wilkie this painting was penetrated by a stone in the Reform Riot, but the injury has been skilfully repaired. Here, too, is the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon in the foreground, by Sir W. Allan. The Duke bought this picture at the Exhibition; he is said to have called it "good! very good! not too much smoke." A portrait of Napoleon, by David, is extremely good. Here also is Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners reading the gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," painted for the Duke (price 1200 guineas). One of his Grace's last orders before he left town was that this picture should be revarnished. Next is Burnet's "Greenwich Pensioners celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar," bought of Burnet by the Duke. The most celebrated picture

of Correggio in this country is here—"Christ on the Mount of Olives," on panel, and captured in Spain, in the carriage of Joseph Buonaparte, restored by the captor to Ferdinand VII., but with others, under the like circumstances, again presented to the Duke by that sovereign. Here, also, is the celebrated Terburgh, "The Signing of the Peace of Westphalia" (from the Talleyrand collection). Singularly enough, this picture hung in the room in which the Allied Sovereigns signed the treaty of Paris, in 1814.

In the Grand Gallery the Duke celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo by a splendid banquet, to which were invited the surviving officers of the actions of the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, 1815; and the invitation was extended to Prince Albert, since his marriage. Upon these occasions, the display of the Duke's gold and silver plate was valued at 300,000*l.*: among the presents from the crowned heads of Europe then used were the vast Wellington Shield, designed by Stothard, of silver-gilt, three feet eight inches in diameter, supported by two massive columns, by Smirke; a pair of Russian marble candelabra, twelve feet high; three gold candelabra, presented by the Corporation of London, representing a foot soldier, life-size; and the Waterloo vase, from the city merchants and bankers. Here, also, is an exquisitely painted service of Dresden porcelain, bearing the whole series of the Duke of Wellington's victories in India, the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. Of this gorgeous banquet a noble picture has been painted by Mr. T. Salter, at his own cost: the picture is now in the painter's possession; it has been engraved upon a large scale; as has, likewise, Mr. J. P. Knight's picture of the Duke receiving his illustrious guests prior to the banquet.

The Duke's bed-chamber at Apsley House was here, as elsewhere, a mere tent. The bed is the same which he used in the battle-field, and the German quilt was used instead of English blankets, and there were no curtains: the bed was scarcely wide enough for his Grace to turn round, one of his

homely maxims being that "when a man thinks of turning, it is time he were up."

Of the iron blinds it is said that when the conversation happened to turn from them to the events which caused them to be placed where they now hang, the Duke laughed: "they shall stay where they are," was his remark, "as a monument of gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows; they only did what they were instigated to do, by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think that a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him." It should be added, that this anecdote, and the preceding details of the mansion, have been in part derived from an excellent sketch in the *John Bull* newspaper, Jan. 8th, 1842.

From the windows of Apsley House, the Queen Dowager Adelaide witnessed the arrival of the colossal equestrian statue of the Duke at the foot of the Green Park arch, on Monday, Sept. 28th, 1846, whence it was raised to the platform of the arch by Wednesday evening following.

THE DUKE AT STRATFIELDSAY.

In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, the Legislature was called upon to "take such measures as should afford a further proof of the opinion entertained by Parliament of the Duke of Wellington's services, and of the gratitude and munificence of the British nation." But, as there were no honours which the Duke had not already received, Parliament could, therefore, only repeat their thanks, and increase their former munificent grant for the purchase of an estate, by the addition of a sum by which a palace might be erected on a scale of magnificence worthy the conqueror for whom it was designed. These several grants had now amounted to a considerable sum, and the trustees

appointed to carry the intentions of Parliament into effect by the application of the funds to the purchase of an estate and the erection of a mansion suitable to the dignity of the Duke's rank, at length purchased the manor of Stratfieldsay.

In 1842, there appeared in the *John Bull* newspaper a cleverly written sketch of Stratfieldsay, from which we quote the following :—

There are two country houses, (says the writer), if by the term country house an armed fortress may be fitly described—to which, so soon as business, rather than the conventional usages of the world, set him free, the Duke of Wellington is in the habit of retiring, that he may relax both mind and body, and enjoy, as he heartily does, the society of his most intimate friends. One of these is the mansion of Stratfieldsay, in Hants—the other, Walmer Castle, in Kent; the former belonging to the title, and as such hereditary in the family of Wellesley; the other being the official residence of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, so long as he shall fill the situation, and discharge the duties, of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. To Walmer Castle a certain degree of interest would attach, let its individual occupant be whom he might, because there are many historical associations connected with it. But Stratfieldsay, though a fine place enough, would scarce attract much of the traveller's notice, were he not informed that it was the seat of the most illustrious man of his age.

Stratfieldsay—originally the seat of the Earls Rivers (and purchased for the Duke after the demise of the late Earl)—is situated upon one of the edges of the county of Berks ; being distant from Reading about eight or ten miles, and from London not more than fifty.

When you have passed the threshold you enter upon a hall, which is paved with flat freestone, and warmed by a fire which burns cheerily in an old-fashioned English grate. The further door being opened, you find yourself in a narrow passage, which

runs the entire length of the mansion, and gives the means of ingress to the suite of public rooms. These consist of a drawing-room, library, dining-room, and the Duke's own room, all opening one into the other. The furniture is as plain as can at all agree with perfect elegance. Everything about it good, and substantial, and comfortable of its kind; but you look in vain for the splendour which greets you at every step in Blenheim; you are still in the dwelling of the Rivers, not in the palace of a Wellington.

The entrance-hall contains several good pictures—two of them, at either end, amongst the grandest conceptions of Fuseli. There is one thing which the least observing will not fail to remark as highly characteristic of the noble owner—it is the extreme neatness, order, and unostentatious attention to comfort that reign throughout the whole. Another peculiarity, attributable, it is said, to the taste of the late Lor Rivers, is remarked in several of the apartments; the walls are decorated—we might say papered—with engravings, most of them specimens of British talent. There are also several splendid pictures, particularly a series of portraits of the Spanish monarchs, very finely executed—and a noble portrait of the late Duke of York, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The library, which is an excellent room, contains a tolerably extensive collection of books. They are chiefly modern, as may be supposed, and not a few consist of copies of works which the authors, the natives of every country in Europe, have felt themselves honoured by being permitted to present to the most illustrious of living men.

The sleeping apartments are all good, but this is all. You enter them from a corridor which runs the whole length of the building. The apartment which used to serve as the nursery when the Marquis of Douro (the present Duke) and Lord Charles Wellesley were children, looks out upon the gravel drive in front of the house, and has its windows down to the floor; two circumstances to which the Duke, when his

friends got him upon topics purely domestic, thus alluded: It seems that, returning home one day from hunting, his Grace saw the two boys thrust themselves so far over the window to greet him that even he felt nervous for the issue. He did not, however, say one word which might have either startled or agitated them, but dismounted, walked in, and sat down in his chair. "Well," was his remark, when the nurse brought the boys down, "I never knew, before to-day, why the nursery was placed there; but I see now that you have chosen the room from which the boys may most conveniently break their necks, if they be so inclined."

To the south of the house is the conservatory, which contains many fine exotics, and forms a delightful promenade in unfavourable weather. The perfume of the orange-trees, which grow here in profusion, adds not a little to the many other charms of the place. Adjoining the back of the conservatory are the private apartments, of the simplest description, and communicating with the neighbouring church by a private footpath.

It is altogether characteristic of the high-minded owner of the soil, that within a few minutes' walk of the house stands the parish-church, a neat and simple edifice, which was repaired, within some 25 years, by the Duke; and fitted up, both within and without, with equal taste and modesty. Neither was his Grace unmindful of the wants of the incumbent.* The parsonage house was rebuilt in like manner, entirely at the Duke's expense; but, however this may be, we know that long before the passing of the Tithe Commutation Bill his Grace provided that in this parish no grievance of tithe should be felt. Owning all the property, he paid out

* Immediately after the death of the Duke, the church was temporarily dressed with black cloth, and next fitted up with deep mourning; a very elegant hatchment, with the armorial bearings of the late Duke being placed in front of the pulpit. The motto of the Duke is "*Virtutis fortuna comes.*

of his own pocket an ample stipend to the incumbent, and thus left his tenants free to reap the advantages of any improvements in agriculture which they might introduce.

At the meeting of the British Association, in 1844, the following tribute to his Grace's merits as a landowner, was paid by Professor Buckland :—

"The Prussian Minister," said Dr. Buckland, "had called the attention of the assembled agriculturists of England to the example of good farming that is set them by the most illustrious of living warriors, the Duke of Wellington, who had turned his glorious sword into a not less glorious ploughshare; and near Stratfieldsay may now be seen rich fields of barley and turnips on naturally heavy clay lands, which, two or three years ago, were reeking with moisture, and incapable of that rotation of green and grain crops, which all good farming requires. The Duke of Wellington was, year after year, improving his clay lands, first, by thorough draining, which is the indispensable precursor of all other improvements; and, after drainage, spreading large quantities of chalk over the surface of the clay. Not less than one thousand waggon-loads of chalk had, during the last year, been brought from the neighbourhood of Basingstoke to that of Stratfieldsay."

The pleasure-grounds lie northward of the house, and are certainly extremely beautiful. They are tastefully laid out and abound with specimens of the rarer evergreens. Among others are several cedars of Lebanon, upwards of 108 feet high, a fine variety of the red or pencil cedar, several superb tulip trees (said to be the finest in England), an immense hemlock spruce, &c. Among the notable trees are two or three raised from chestnuts, which the Duke received from America, gathered from the tree which General Washington planted with his own hands. Mr. Loudon, in his odd way of mixing up gardening with political and social economy, says: "We should be curious to know on what principle

these chestnuts were sent to the Duke of Wellington; not that the merits of the latter general were at all less than those of the former, because we believe that the actions of all men are the result of their organisation and the circumstances in which they are placed; but that we should like to know the feelings of the senator, and whether he was a Briton or an American." Mr. Loudon adds: "As to the Duke of Wellington's private character as a husband and a master, all that we have heard at Stratfieldsay and its neighbourhood, places him, and also the late Duchess, very high in our estimation."

At Stratfieldsay the Duke of Wellington was not able entirely to divest himself of his public character. As Lord-Lieutenant of the county he was open to the innumerable claims upon his time of county business, and he made a point of being at home to entertain the Judges, as often as they passed on the circuit towards his neighbourhood. It was here too, more than at Walmer Castle, that he received the visits which Royalty occasionally paid him. Here he entertained, in other times, George IV. Here King William and Queen Adelaide spent some pleasant days; and here the Queen and Prince Albert visited the Duke in 1845. When such matters did not interfere with his purely domestic arrangements, the habits of the noble Duke at Stratfieldsay were quiet, unostentatious, and philosophic. He breakfasted with his company at ten, retired to his own room afterwards, devoted several hours to his endless correspondence, except on hunting days, and went out either to ride or to walk, about two. Seven was his dinner-hour, and often after tea he formed one at a quiet rubber of whist, where the stakes played for never exceeded five-shilling points.

The estate of Stratfieldsay which, the Duke used to say, would have ruined any man but himself, has had more done for it in the shape of permanent improvements—of draining, of chalking, of substantial farm premises and such like—than,

perhaps, any other single property in the south of England. It was a wretched investment of the public money; but the Duke, true to his usual maxim, did the best he could with it, and the annual income for a long series of years has been regularly laid out upon it. We have heard that, a few years ago, one of the agents of his Grace the Duke of Wellington waited upon him with the pleasing intelligence that a small estate adjoining Stratfieldsay, which the Duke had long wished to purchase, had been purchased for him for a certain sum, which the agent said was 2000*l.* less than the value of the estate. "Is it?" said his Grace, "then take 2000*l.* immediately to Mr. ———; I will buy no man's land for less than it is worth."

Again, not one shilling of the rental did the Duke ever expend, except upon the improvement of the property. He neither laid by so much a year in the funds, nor did he consider himself entitled to devote the money derived from it to his own uses. "I am a rich man," was his argument, "which the next Duke of Wellington will not be. I am, therefore, determined that he shall receive his patrimony in the very best order; and if he cannot keep it so, the fault will not be mine." The consequence was, that go where you may, whether far or near, you will no where see a body of tenantry better lodged, better provided with offices, better supplied with all manner of conveniences for the prosecution of their calling, than those which call the Duke of Wellington their landlord. As a matter of course, the Duke's tenants were exceedingly well pleased with their lot; indeed, a more popular man than he, among all classes of his neighbours, it would be hard to find.

Stratfieldsay used to be famous for the quantities of game in its preserves; but the game has been somewhat neglected. There are, besides, hounds in the neighbourhood, to which his Grace subscribed, and of which he used to be a determined follower.

The tennis-court was formerly a riding-house, but was

appropriated to its present use by the Duke, who was an ardent admirer of tennis.

Mr. Loudon, who visited Stratfieldsay in 1833, was shown a spot in the Park, where it was intended to erect a new palace, the model for which is stated to be in one of the rooms of the present house. "After all," says Mr. Loudon, "we have no desire to see a palace built at Stratfieldsay; and if the Duke acts in conformity with the spirit of the age in which he lives, he will divide his estate equally between his two sons, and let them build what they think fit."

TENURE-FLAG OF STRATFIELDSAY.

The visitor to Windsor Castle will, doubtless, recollect, among the curiosities and works of art in the guard chamber, two busts, each with a banner suspended over it, to the right and left of the doors which flank the fire-place of the apartment. The bust on the left is that of the Duke of Marlborough, copied from Rysbrach, by Sievier; and the bust on the left is that of the Duke of Wellington, by Chantrey. Above each bust is suspended a small banner: that over the Marlborough bust being the tenure-flag, by presenting which yearly, the estate of Blenheim is held; and that over Wellington is, in like manner, the tenure-flag by which Stratfieldsay is held. The banners are renewed yearly; the former on the 2nd of August, the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim; and the latter on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The Stratfieldsay flag is a small tri-coloured one, with a staff surmounted by an eagle.

THE GRAVE OF THE CHARGER "COPENHAGEN."

Near the south corner of Stratfieldsay gardens is the paddock, which was long the resting-place of the celebrated charger, Copenhagen, that bore the Duke through the whole of the eventful

day, when the destinies of the world were decided on the field of Waterloo. Besides containing a noble cluster of elms in the centre, the ground is sheltered on every side ; indeed, nothing appears to have been neglected to make the generous animal comfortable. At the corner of the paddock, adjoining the gardens, is a small summer-house, with a little wicket, to which he was accustomed every day to direct his steps, in order to receive his allowance of bread from the hands of the late Duchess. It was a beautiful feeling that induced this noble lady thus to cherish the gallant steed that had borne her lord through so many perils. A small circular railing encloses the spot in which he was interred with military honours—old age having at last prostrated his victim after he had escaped the shot and shells of a hundred fights : this was in 1835.

Copenhagen derived his name from the city in which he was foaled, his dam being taken out there in the expedition of 1807, by the late General Grosvenor. The horse, we are told, was not only thorough-bred, but he was also very fashionably bred, being, on his father's side, a grandson of the great Eclipse ; and on his mother's, of a well-known horse of his day—John Bull. The General, however, did not long keep Copenhagen, but sold him to the Marquis of Londonderry, then Adjutant-General of the Peninsular army, who sent him, with other horses, to Lisbon, early in the year 1813. While there, he was selected and bought, with another horse, by Colonel Charles Wood, at the price of four hundred guineas, for his Grace, the Duke of Wellington, with whom he soon became an especial favourite. In the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo the Duke, we believe, used no other horse; and in the latter, it is said, was eighteen hours on his back ; but Copenhagen gave little signs of being beaten, for on his rider patting him on the quarter as he dismounted after the battle, the game little horse struck out as playfully as if he had had only an hour's canter in the park. For endurance of fatigue, indeed, he was more than usually remarkable ; and,

for the duty he had to fulfil, as proportionably valuable. However hard the day, Copenhagen never refused his corn, though he ate it after a very unusual manner with horses, lying down at full length on his couch.

For many years Copenhagen was one of the "sights" at Stratfieldsay. It was not, though, the stranger alone who asked for the famous old horse; the Duke himself rarely omitted to visit him, and the ladies of the family made him, as he deserved to be, an especial pet. And it would have been extraordinary had they not; for, in addition to his well-earned renown, Copenhagen had one of the surest and best characteristics of true courage—an extremely good and docile temper.

Copenhagen, in colour a full rich chesnut, stood scarcely more than fifteen hands high; he possessed, however, very great muscular power, and had nearly all the good useful "points" to be looked for. His general appearance rather favoured the Arab cross in his pedigree, which his lasting qualities tended yet more to confirm. From his size he was not much adapted for crossing a country, though the Duke is said to have occasionally ridden him with hounds.

Miss Mitford, in her very interesting "Country Stories," relates some amusing particulars of Copenhagen. "He died," says Miss Mitford, "at the age of twenty-seven. He was therefore in his prime on the day of Waterloo, when the Duke rode him for seventeen hours and a half, without dismounting. After his return, the paddock was assigned to him, in which he passed the rest of his life in the most perfect comfort that can be imagined; fed twice a day (latterly upon oats broken for him), with a comfortable stable to retire to, and a rich pasture in which to range. The late amiable Duchess used regularly to feed him with bread, and this kindness had given him the habit (especially after her death) of approaching every lady with the most confiding familiarity. He had been a fine animal, but latterly he exhibited an interesting specimen of natural decay, in a state as nearly that of nature as can well be

found in a civilized country. He had lost an eye from age, and had become lean and feeble, and, in the manner in which he approached even a casual visitor, there was much of the demand for sympathy, the appeal to human kindness, which one has so often observed from a very old dog towards his master. Poor Copenhagen, who, when alive, furnished so many bequests from his mane and tail to enthusiastic young ladies, who had his hair set in brooches and rings, was, after being interred with military honours, dug up by some miscreant (never, I believe, discovered) and one of his hoofs cut off, it is presumed for a memorial, although one that would hardly go in the compass of a ring."

WALMER CASTLE.—LAST MOMENTS.

The quiet sea-side village of Walmer, within ten minutes' walk of Deal, and about five miles from Dover, was a favourite retirement of the Duke, many years before he took possession of Walmer Castle, his official residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. A dwelling of the better class, in Castle Street, Walmer, is, to this day, known as "the Duke's House," and was for some time tenanted by the Duke before entering on his Peninsular campaigns.

Walmer Castle, there is reason to believe, occupies the identical spot whereon Cæsar landed nineteen centuries since. That our modern Cæsar should breathe his last upon this spot, is one of those strange coincidences that fill men's minds with special wonder. It has been well described as "just the sort of residence that would have been pointed out by an imaginative mind as appropriate to such an event. Placed behind the high shingly beach, which the incessant action of the waves has formed on this part of the coast, and surrounded on the landward side by lofty trees, it does not arrest notice by any pretentious prominence, and the modern windows opened in the thick old walls, look as if its warlike uses had been laid aside

for the milder and more peaceful influences of the times in which we live. There are, however, some heavy guns upon the upper walls, pointed towards the Downs, and below a battery of smaller pieces, that seemed to include foreign invasion among the contingencies to which we are still exposed. It was a place of strength, built for rough work in stormy times. It has become a quiet sea-side residence, within ear-shot of the surf, as it breaks upon the beach, and within sight of those essentially English objects, the chalk cliffs of Dover, the Goodwin sands, and the shipping in the Downs. This was no unsuitable place for the Duke of Wellington to die in—that man in whose eventful history the largest experiences of military and civil life are so marvellously united."—*Times*.

The Castle was built in the reign of Henry VIII. It consists of a large central round tower, surrounded by an outer wall of considerable strength; the ditch was converted into an excellent garden by the late Duke. Most of the rooms are small, and some of them very unsystematically proportioned—they are connected by long, narrow, and circuitous passages, the whole being kept scrupulously neat and in good order; while, in some of those open to the air a number of plants and flowering shrubs are ranged along the walls, blooming amidst the moss-grown and crumbling battlements. The furniture of the castle is very plain, and the walls of the principal rooms merely decorated with a few prints, left by the previous Lord Warden. The unmistakeable military character of the Duke is evident in the notices placed by his orders on many of the doors of the castle—"Shut this door;" although it may be added that he never addressed a request to any of his attendants without saying 'Please,' do this or that. A still more kindly and considerate memorial of his Grace lay upon his table in the shape of a number of small slips of paper, on which were printed, "Avoid to impose upon others the care of original papers which you wish to preserve." It is well known that the applications to the Duke for advice and assistance were extremely numerous;

and in many cases, testimonials and original documents were enclosed by the applicants, which His Grace, after making a memorandum of, invariably returned, accompanied by one of these significant cautionary notices.

"The interior of the Castle," says a Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, who visited the fortress a few months since, "is fitted up in a remarkably plain manner, yet possessing every comfort. On the occasion of the Queen's visit to Walmer, in 1842, her Majesty was so charmed with the simplicity of the place, that she requested to be allowed to extend her visit a week longer than she at first intended. When intimation was received that the Queen intended to honour the Duke with a visit, the only preparation made at Walmer Castle was to put out a plate-glass window, to enable her Majesty to have a better view of the sea. A stand for a time-piece was required for Prince Albert, and the Duke sent for a village carpenter, who made it of common deal wood, and it is now a fixture in the bed-room. Her Majesty is stated to have been much delighted at this simplicity of the Duke."

The Duke regularly resided at Walmer Castle in September and October in each year: he occupied only *one room*, which was his library, or study, and bed-chamber; and known as the Duke's Room. It is in one of the smaller towers, of moderate size, and was plainly furnished, methodically arranged, something like an officer's room in a garrison. On the right-hand side, stood an ordinary iron camp-bedstead, three feet wide, with a horse-hair mattress only about three inches thick, and a horse-hair pillow covered with chamois-leather, which the Duke usually carried with him, and used in town; it was, indeed, part of his luggage. Summer or winter, the little camp-bedstead was without curtains; and the German quilt (no blankets) was the covering. On the side of the room nearest the bedstead, was a collection of works of the best English writers of Anne's Augustan age, in poetry and prose; besides recent histories and biographies, some French memoirs, military reports, official

publications, and parliamentary papers,—the last which occupied the Duke's attention being the voluminous report of the Oxford University Commission. In the centre of the room was a mahogany table, well stained with ink, and covered with papers; and here for some hours every day the Duke sat and wrote. Near this was a more portable table, contrived to be used for reading or writing while in bed. This, with two or three chairs, comprised the furniture; a few common engravings hung upon the walls, papered with a neat pattern; and on the mantel-piece, was a small ivory statuette of Napoleon, and a common plaster-cast of Jenny Lind,—perhaps, the completest antithesis of discord and harmony, of evil and good, the world ever witnessed. The windows look out upon the sea, and one of the doors of the room opens upon the ramparts. Until his illness a few years ago, the Duke never failed to be there at six o'clock in the morning, and spent an hour or more walking before breakfast. The view from the ramparts is very extensive.

The Duke's mode of living was simple. He was an early riser, and was generally out of doors before seven o'clock; he breakfasted at nine o'clock precisely, taking tea and bread and butter only, eating little, and generally abstaining from taking food between breakfast and dinner. He usually dined at seven o'clock. He then partook heartily of the best French dinner to be procured, seldom or never drinking anything except iced water. After dinner, he usually withdrew to his room, and there remained until he retired to rest. During the Queen's visit, the Duke frequently joined the party in the drawing-room, but scarcely ever remained more than an hour after dinner.

On Monday afternoon, September 13th, it was remarked, that when the Duke was returning from a short walk in the afternoon, he looked much better than for some days previously; he went to the stables adjoining the Castle, and gave some instructions for alterations. He dined heartily from roast venison; and, instead of retiring at ten, his usual hour, he sat up till nearly half-past

eleven, conversing with Lord Charles and Lady Wellesley. His valet, Mr. Kendall, gave him an extra quarter of an hour on that account on Tuesday morning, and did not call him till nearly half-past six. The duke awoke breathing rather heavily, as was usually the case, and the valet retired; but his breathing continuing rather laboured from the accumulation of mucus in the bronchial passages, Kendall again returned in about an hour, and reminded the Duke that it was half-past seven o'clock. The Duke said, "Thank you," and then desired him to send down to Deal for the apothecary, who arrived at the Castle in about an hour.

The account of the Duke's last moments is thus narrated by the apothecary's son :—

"Tuesday, Sept. 14.—About half-past eight this morning my father received a note from Walmer Castle, stating that the Duke of Wellington wished to see him. He immediately went to the Castle. His Grace complained of uneasiness about the chest and stomach; was then perfectly conscious, and answered questions put to him with correctness. Some medicine was ordered, and during its preparation his Grace took some tea and toast. Shortly after leaving the Castle, my father received another communication, stating that his Grace was much worse: he had had fits similar to those he was subject to. My father and I went directly, and found his Grace in bed, unconscious; eyes turned a little upwards, fixed; pupils of medium size; skin warm and moist; respiration very laborious, from accumulation of mucus in air-tubes. Before our arrival his valet had applied a mustard poultice to his chest, as on former occasions this had given relief.

"Dr. M'Arthur soon arrived, and Drs. Hume and Fergusson were telegraphed for.

"Dr. M'Arthur advised a mustard emetic to be given, having prescribed one with advantage for the Duke, several years ago, under similar circumstances. This and other measures were now of no avail. His Grace became very restless, tried to turn on his left side; occasionally there were slight twitchings of the left arm. When raised in bed, his breathing was much more free, and this induced us to place him in an easy chair, when his respiration became much less embarrassed; his pulse sank, and his Grace was now placed more horizontally; the pulse rallied for a little time, and then gradually declined; the breathing became more feeble; and, at twenty-five minutes past three

o'clock p.m., his Grace breathed his last. So easy and gentle was the transition, that for a moment it was doubted. A mirror was held before his Grace's mouth; its brightness was undimmed and he was no more.

"JOHN WHITAKER HULKE."

The Duke had a fit, similar to the above, on the day that his old friend Sir Astley Cooper died; the fit, it is maintained by an Edinburgh physician, was apoplectic, not epileptic, as first stated;—this he attributes to the cold moist air from the water.

Among the retinue of the Duke at Walmer is Mr. Townsend, a venerable-looking old soldier, holding the offices of warder and steward of the Castle, and who bravely served his country in the field, under his illustrious master. This veteran was formerly in the 2nd battalion of the Grenadier Guards, with which corps he was present at the storming of Bergen-op-Zoom, under General Graham. The advantage gained by the capture of that strongly-fortified place, as is well known, was not judiciously followed up; and the result of the error was, that many of our soldiers were driven to surrender. But Townsend, when called on to give up his arms, refused, and having induced thirteen of his comrades to join him, they passed the square of the town in the face of the enemy's cross fire, and mounted the battery which the British were about to evacuate. There he turned some guns upon the enemy, and expended the whole of the ammunition within reach, even to the contents of his own and comrades' pouches, and then retired, perfectly unscathed. His gallant little party, by this act of valour, effected their escape from the town, thus escaping the horrors of a French prison. This veteran also fought at Waterloo, being then a sergeant in the Guards. He there took part in the memorable and crowning charge of the British Guards upon the Imperial Guard of Napoleon; and in that desperate yet decisive affair he had his halberd shot from him, and his hat carried away by

a gun-shot. Yet he survived to receive the above appointments from the Duke, which he holds to this day. His Grace also nominated him to a vacant wardership in the Tower of London, two years since.

Captain Norton some twelve years ago when at Deal went over to Walmer Castle, and as an old follower of the Duke, left his card. The Duke was at Dover inspecting the commencement of the Asylum Harbour. The housekeeper civilly showed him the apartments and the neatly-kept grounds with the hawthorn hedges. He was surprised to observe the number of robins familiarly flitting about, and remarked this to the housekeeper. She informed him that the Duke evinced a great fondness for the little birds, and that the people at the Castle knowing this, gave every encouragement to the colonisation of the robins in the grounds.

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE.

Shortly before his last departure from town for Walmer, Aug. 26, the Duke gave to Mr. J. W. Glass several sittings for his portrait; induced to depart from the resolution which he had formed not to sit again, through the mediation of the Honourable Abbott Lawrence, the late American Minister to the Court of St. James's, and who is a personal friend of the artist. The result of the sittings is a picture, representing the Duke on horseback, in his every-day costume, with which all classes in the metropolis are familiar. The last time the writer saw the Duke was late in August, when his Grace was making a morning call at the door of Mr. Abbott Lawrence's residence, No. 138, Piccadilly.

WELLINGTON AS SECRETARY.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE THE DUKE.

ON February 11th, 1818, as the Duke in his carriage was entering the gate of his hotel at Paris, a wretch, named Cantillon, fired a pistol at his Grace, but happily missed his aim. The ministers of the allied sovereigns, as well as the King of France, warmly congratulated the Duke on his escape, and the Prince Regent sent him an autograph letter on the occasion. Lord Castlereagh, in consequence of this atrocious attempt, procured an extension of the Alien Act for two years. Cantillon and his accomplice, named Marinot, were tried in the next year, but were acquitted. Napoleon, who died May 5,

1821, left Cantillon a legacy of 10,000 francs, for this atrocity, in the fifth item of the fourth codicil to his will, as follows :—

"We bequeath ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer, Cantillon, who has undergone a trial, upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify himself by pleading the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he really had assassinated that Lord, would have excused himself, and have been justified by the same motives—the interest of France, to get rid of a general, who had, moreover, violated the capitulation of Paris, and by that had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs, Ney, Labédoyère, &c., and for the crime of having pillaged the museums, contrary to the text of the treaties." "This clause in the last will of a dying man," (we quote the words of Sir Walter Scott), "is not striking for its atrocity merely, but from the inaccuracy of the moral reasoning which it exhibits. Napoleon has drawn a parallel betwixt two cases, which must be therefore both right or both wrong. If both were wrong, why reward the ruffian with a legacy? but if both were right, why complain of the British Government for detaining him at St. Helena?"

Cantillon was of Irish descent; his great-grandfather, James Cantillon, of Ballyhigue, Captain in the Guards of James II., accompanied that monarch to France, and, joining the Irish Brigade, received eleven wounds at the battle of Malplaquet. Mary Cantillon, daughter of Robert Cantillon, Esq., of Limerick, first cousin of this Captain James Cantillon, married Maurice O'Connell, Esq., Derrynane, uncle of the late Daniel O'Connell, M.P.*

Another attempt was made upon the life of the Duke in 1816. In June, a few days before he left Paris for London,

* Obligingly communicated by Mr. J. Bernard Burke.

he gave, at the palace of the Elysée Bourbon, a grand farewell *fête*, to which the younger Bourbon princes, many distinguished members of the government and court, and all the English of rank in the capital were invited. The servant of one of the guests, happening to be waiting in the street, perceived a smoke coming from one of the cellars. He instantly gave the alarm, and a lighted rag was found near a barrel of gunpowder and two barrels of oil. The danger was quietly removed, and no interruption occurred to the entertainment.

THE DUKE'S ILLNESS IN 1839.

On the 18th of November, the Duke had an attack of epilepsy, which, for a short time, alarmed the public greatly for his safety, on account of his advanced age. Sir Astley Cooper and Dr. Hume attended his Grace at Walmer for a week, at the end of which time he recovered. It turned out that the Duke had brought on the attack, adopting, to cure himself of a slight illness, a mode of treatment which would be the most wise in a man of twenty-five, but was most dangerous to one so advanced in years. On this occasion he had sought to cure himself by fasting and cold bathing; he then, while under this treatment, followed the hounds, the consequence of which was, that he fainted, and was soon after seized as described.

THE DUKE'S DISTASTE FOR SMOKING.

Once in his life, and once only, the Duke ventured to smoke a pipe of tobacco. The occasion was early in the present century, when a number of generals and staff-officers were at Portsmouth, amongst whom was the Duke of Cumberland, the late King of Hanover. Wellington was pressed by the Royal Duke to join a dinner party; and as his Grace strongly wished to leave Portsmouth, the Duke of Cumberland, in order to

insure his company, adopted the rather forcible precaution (those were the days of post-chaises) of hiring all the horses in the town. Thus trepanned, the hero of Assaye submitted good-humouredly to his fate. After dinner, pipes were introduced, though several of the party had never smoked, and among these was Wellington. The scene was by him most humorously described. He sat, he said, behind the pipe, whiffing away with a feeling of wonder, and watching the countenances of the rest of the company. In a few minutes, some of the novices retired hastily, not very soon to return; and as he puffed on he said to himself, "Well, it will come to an end, I suppose." The end, it is supposed, was not a very agreeable one; for the Duke's smoke was thenceforth confined to the field of battle.

INADVERTENCE AND EPICURISM.

When the Duke was at Paris, as Commander of the Allied Armies, he dined with Cambaceres, one of the most distinguished statesmen and *gourmets* of the time of Napoleon. In the course of dinner, his host having helped him to some particularly *recherché* dish, expressed a hope that he found it agreeable. "Very good," said the Duke, who was, probably, reflecting on Waterloo,—"Very good; but I really do not care what I eat." "Good heaven!" exclaimed Cambaceres, as he started back and dropped his fork; "don't care what you eat! What *did* you come here for, then?"

THE DUKE'S ATTACHMENTS.

The Duke's letters after the Battle of Waterloo to Lord Aberdeen, on the death of Sir Alexander Gordon, and to the Duke of Beaufort, on Lord Fitzroy Somerset losing his arm, show how much he was attached to those about him. Lord Fitzroy landed with him in Mondego Bay, and was with him in all his great actions. It was during the long fight at Talavera that the

Duke, turning to him, said, "Well, Fitzroy, how do you feel?" to which the other quietly answered, "Better than I expected."

The one-armed were amongst the Duke's greatest favourites. Sir Felton Hervey, who headed a charge of the 14th Light Dragoons, when the French officer was magnanimous enough not to cut him down, and Lord Hardinge, are instances that will be easily remembered.

General Alava, as an old friend, and one who had been with him constantly during the war, had always when he chose it a room at Apsley House.

The Duke took Colonel Anson, as his aide-de-camp, from the Duke of York, and re-appointed him a second time to his staff on again succeeding Lord Hill as Commander-in-Chief, saying that no difference in politics ought to separate them, and that if he thought so too, he was to come to him.

The Duke often visited the Marquis Wellesley, who would as frequently keep him waiting; but his only remark was: "I believe my brother thinks he is still Governor-General of India, and that I am only Colonel Wellesley."

WILLIAM PITT AND THE DUKE.

When the hero of Assaye returned to England, Pitt's health was declining; but, hearing of a slight which had been shown Sir Arthur Wellesley, he took immediate steps to remove it. It appears that Sir Arthur had given his opinion on the operations of the Duke of York's army in the north of Europe, in terms not palatable to His Royal Highness. Years rolled on, and Sir Arthur returned from India, when, on his first visit to the Horse-Guards, he was kept in the waiting-room for upwards of two hours after his name had been sent up to the Royal Commander-in-Chief. On the same day, Mr. Pitt heard of this slight, when he issued cards for a grand entertainment, the invitation being "to meet Sir Arthur Wellesley."

PRINCE ALBERT'S LAST VISIT TO THE DUKE.

In August last, on Her Majesty's return from a cruise to Belgium, the royal squadron anchored one night in the Downs, when His Royal Highness the Prince Consort proceeded from the royal yacht, in a small boat, to Walmer Castle, where the noble Duke was then staying. The illustrious veteran appeared highly pleased with this mark of attention, and received Prince Albert with much cordiality. They had a lengthened conversation, after which the Prince left the castle to join Her Majesty in the Victoria and Albert. This meeting was on the 17th of August, and proved to be the last.

THE DUKE'S MEMORY.

The Duke was remarkable for the tenacity and accuracy of his memory. He had a clear recollection of many minute facts connected with Mr. Pitt and his times. Some allusion being made one day to an approaching Lord Mayor's dinner, the Duke remarked that the last public dinner attended by Mr. Pitt was on such an occasion, and that he happened to be present, and heard Mr. Pitt make an excellent speech. A speaker at the dinner, in proposing Mr. Pitt's health, characterised that statesman as "the saviour of his country;" which Mr. Pitt denied in his reply, observing, "The country saved itself by its own exertions, and other countries would be equally fortunate if they would follow its example." This speech the Duke greatly admired; it was after his own heart.

THE DUKE AND THE AURIST.

On one occasion the Duke's deafness was alluded to by Lady A——, who asked if she was sitting on his right side, and if he had benefited by the operations which she heard had been performed, and had been so painful to him. He said, in reply, that the gentleman had been bold enough to ask him for a certificate, but that he had really been of no service to him,

and that he could only answer him by saying—"I tell you what, I won't say a word about it."

THE DUKE AND THE SCHOOLBOY.

About ten years ago, the son of Mr. Kendall, the Duke's favourite valet, was spending a day at Apsley House, when, on his father answering the bell, young Kendall, unperceived by his parent, ran up stairs after him. The boy unconcernedly entered the room where his father was receiving his orders, and "seeing a gentleman with very white hair," as the little fellow afterwards said on relating the circumstance, "I went back immediately."

The Duke asked, "Whose boy is that?" Kendall, rather alarmed, replied, "It was my son, your Grace, and I hope you will excuse the great liberty he has taken in daring to follow me into your presence." "Oh," said the Duke, "that is nothing; I was once a boy myself. But I did not know you had a son, Kendall; send him in, and leave him with me."

The boy was accordingly ushered into the presence of the Duke, who kindly shook him by the hand, and asked him if he knew who he was. The boy replied, "Yes, sir," but, instantly checking himself, said, "Yes, your Grace." "Oh, my little fellow," said the Duke, "it will be easier for you to call me *sir*; you call your schoolmaster *sir*, don't you? Then call me *sir*, if you choose, to-day."

After a few more remarks in the same kind familiar tone, the Duke said, "Well, can you play at draughts?" The boy replied in the affirmative. The Duke reached his draught-board in a moment, and sitting down by the side of a small table, challenged the boy to a game, giving him two men. The game proceeded, and the boy lost, although he afterwards said: "I really thought I should have beaten him the second game, but he laid a trap for me, and laughed because I did not see it."

The game ended, the Duke asked the boy to write his name, and exercised him in spelling and geography, asking him to spell "Constantinople," and to tell him where that city was situate. The boy having answered satisfactorily, the Duke said, "Well, you shall dine with me to-day; but as I shall not dine yet, perhaps you would like to see my pictures?" The boy smilingly assented, and away went the Duke and young Kendall to look at the pictures. After showing him the gallery, and explaining the different subjects, the Duke said, "Now I will show you my statuary." After he had gazed upon the statues for some time, the Duke asked the boy what he thought of them, adding: "They are important fellows." The boy said he did not admire them so much as he did the pictures. The Duke said: "I thought so; but tell me which is the most like your schoolmaster." In this task the boy had not much difficulty, for all of them, save one, had large moustachios. Pointing at what was evidently a bust of the Duke himself, the boy said it was the most like his schoolmaster. The Duke laughed heartily, and said, "Oh, indeed; well, he is a very good man of his sort." After this, the Duke said, "Come, now we will go to dinner; I have ordered an early dinner, as I suppose you dine early at school." "We dine at one o'clock, *sir*," said the boy. "A very good hour," rejoined his Grace; "I did so when I was at school."

The Duke and young Kendall sat down to dinner alone. Having said grace, the Duke observed to his young guest, "I shall have several things brought to table, and I shall help you to a little of each, as I know little boys like to taste all they see." The repast being ended, the Duke shook him by the hand and dismissed him with the words, "Be a good boy; do your *duty;* now you may go to your father."

Young Kendall now fills a situation in the Ordnance Department of Ireland. The Duke evidently never lost sight of him.

EARLY HABITS.

The Duke's habit of early rising enabled him to be one of the most prompt and punctual of correspondents. Almost all the epistles beginning "F. M. the Duke of Wellington" were written before many younger men had left their beds. We have heard a Colonel in the Guards relate that a point of military discipline arose in connexion with the Household Troops, which required prompt solution. Application was made to his Grace; but he was at a ball, and did not return to Apsley House until midnight. A statement of the difficulty awaited him upon his return; and before eight o'clock next morning, the *militaires*, to their infinite astonishment, received his Grace's answer, which contained an elaborate recital of all the cases and precedents applicable to the point in dispute, set forth in the clearest and most methodical manner.

The Duke, when Premier, was the terror of the idlers in Downing Street. On one occasion when the Treasury clerks told him that some required mode of making up the accounts was impracticable, they were met with the curt reply: "Never mind, if you can't do it I'll send you half-a-dozen pay-serjeants that will,"—a hint that they did not fail to take.

THE DUKE IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The following characteristic incident in the visit of the Duke of Wellington to Plymouth, in 1846, is trifling in comparison with the exploits and great events of the hero's long and glorious career; but the incident well bespeaks that simplicity of character which won for the Duke a large portion of the public esteem in his later life:—

The Duke arrived at Plymouth, on an official visit, on Friday evening, Aug. 28th. He left London on Friday morning by the express train, his carriage having been sent off by an earlier train; and proceeded to Teignmouth by rail. On his arrival at the terminus, intimation having been given

through the means of the electric telegraph of his approach, the gallant Duke was received with loud cheers from a great number of persons who had assembled round the station at Teignmouth. Post-horses were obtained, and he set off in his carriage for Plymouth. On coming to Ivybridge, a delay was experienced from the horses not being ready, when his Grace walked on, preferring a walk to waiting at the hotel. Having got some distance, he was overtaken by the *Tally-ho* coach, the coachman of which, Hardcastle, invited the Duke to ride. "No, I thank you," said the Duke, "I am waiting for my carriage." Guard: "It will be delayed, some time, your Grace, as they cannot get horses: we can carry you on very well." The Duke replied: "Oh, thank you, never mind, they'll get horses to take me on. God bless you; good-bye. I'd rather walk; besides, I have company," which consisted of a farmer and two "navvies," with whom his Grace was in conversation, they, of course, being ignorant of his exalted rank. With this intimation, the coachman touched his hat, which the Duke returned: he left his Grace to pursue his walk, and took his station on the *Tally-ho*, which proceeded on its journey.

Another incident of the Visit may be added. The Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth proposed an Address to the Duke, provided it were agreeable to his Grace; this the Duke declined, and subsequently his Grace wrote this letter to the mayor: "Plymouth, August 29, 1846 (at night). Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Mayor of Plymouth. He has been much flattered by the declaration of the Mayor and Corporation to present him an Address. Having been out on horseback all the morning, he was changing his clothes when the deputation reached the Royal Hotel, to announce that his worship intended thus to honour the Duke, and he regrets that, being under the necessity of returning to London to-morrow morning, he cannot have the satisfaction of receiving in person the record intended for him.—The Worshipful the Mayor of Plymouth."

THE DUKE AT CHELTENHAM.

In 1816, the Duke visited Cheltenham, whither, by the advice of his physicians, he came direct from Paris for the purpose of drinking the waters. He was received at Cheltenham with triumphal arches and a general illumination.

Accompanied by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Sir F. Harvey, his private Secretary, and the other members of his suite, the Duke of Wellington went every morning, at half-past seven, to the Old Wells to drink the waters. The distinguished party, on these occasions, being always accompanied and followed by great crowds of people, all eager to obtain a sight of the Hero of Waterloo. On the appearance of the Duke at the Crescent entrance of the Old Well Walk, the band played *See, the Conquering Hero*, and the company, which thronged the avenue from end to end, fell back, making an open way for the numerous suite to pass up. Having drank his prescribed two glasses of No. 4, the Duke returned home through the Montpelier Walk, which was almost as much thronged as that of the Old Wells—the band here generally playing *Rule Britannia* and the *British Grenadiers*, until his Grace had passed through.

Colonel Riddell, the owner of Cambray House, being desirous of retaining some remembrance of the Duke's having occupied the premises, his Grace, at his suggestion, consented to plant an oak in the pleasure grounds fronting the house, which was accordingly done with great ceremony, on Monday, the 22nd of July, being the anniversary of the battle of Salamanca. The Duke's two sons, the then youthful Marquis of Douro and Lord C. Wellesley, with Lord Hill, Lord Lynedoch, and other distinguished characters, taking part in the proceedings.

On the following Monday, the present Assembly Rooms, the erection of which is said to have cost upwards of 50,000*l.*, were opened by a Grand Dress Ball, at which the Duke and Duchess of Wellington were present.

When the Duke next visited Cheltenham, he patronised a promenade ball at the Rotunda, when the price of the tickets was raised from 3*s.* to 4*s.* This did not escape the notice of the Duke, and a polite message was sent, through a friend, that his Grace would not consider any advance upon the regular entrance charge any compliment to himself; and the proposed alteration was, of course, abandoned.

THE DUKE AND RICHARD OASTLER.

Mr. Richard Oastler relates, in his Cobbett-like manner, an interesting interview which he had many years ago with the Duke, on the strength of an introduction from the late Thomas Thornhill, Esq. Mr. Oastler, after describing the gracious reception which he had from his Grace, on being shown in at Apsley House, proceeds as follows:—

"I was now shut in with the Duke of Wellington. There was no grandeur in this room. It was evidently a place of business. A long table, nearly covered with books, papers, and letters, occupied the middle of the floor. The different documents seemed placed in such exact order, that their owner might have found any of them, even in the dark. At the end of the table was a sofa, nearly covered with orderly-arranged papers, leaving sufficient space for one person. On that space, at the bidding of the Duke, I sat. His Grace, standing before me, said, 'Well, Mr. Oastler, what is it you wish to say to me?' I observed, 'It is very strange that I should sit, while the Duke of Wellington stands, and in Apsley House, too!' 'Oh!' said his Grace, 'if you think so, and if it will please you better, I'll sit.' So saying, he took a seat on an easy chair, between the sofa and the fireplace. I was then desired to 'proceed.' Being strangely affected, with a reception so very different to that I anticipated, I expressed my surprise, and craved the Duke's indulgence. Placing his right hand on my right shoulder, his Grace said, 'We shall never get on if

you are embarrassed. Forget that you are here—fancy yourself talking with one of your neighbours at Fixby, and proceed.'

"'The friendliness of his act, and the encouraging kindness of his words, removed every impediment. I at once entered into familiar conversation. After a few introductory remarks, I said—'There are two great mistakes prevalent in this country—I would rectify them.' 'What are they?' asked the Duke. 'One, that the aristocracy imagine the working people wish to deprive them of their rank and property.' 'That's true,' said his Grace, 'they do.' 'By no means, my Lord Duke,' I rejoined; 'not any man knows the working men of England better than myself; I can assure you there never was a greater mistake; all that the working men want is to be enabled, by honest industry, to provide for themselves and their families.' 'I rejoice to hear you say so,' answered the Duke; 'every honest, industrious working man has a just claim to that reward for his labour.' 'I expected to hear that sentiment from your Grace, notwithstanding the next mistake which it is my object to rectify.' 'What is that?' 'The working-people are, by their enemies and yours, taught to believe that your Grace wishes to feed them with bullets and steel.' 'Are they?' exclaimed the Duke. 'They are, your Grace. Is your Grace thus inclined? I do not believe it.' The Duke, with serious emotion, said, 'I am the last man to wish for war. I have gained all that the sword can give, the Crown excepted; and it is my *duty* to *serve* the Crown.' 'May I tell the people so?' 'Certainly. Tell them I hate war—that I shall be the last man to recommend the sword.'

"During the interview his Grace listened with the kindest attention to my remarks. At the close the Duke gave me his hand (how I felt at that moment I will not just now describe), thanked me, and desired me to call again for a longer interview next day."

GENTILITY AND EXPENSE.

The vulgar habit of associating the notion of gentility with expense, is invariably discountenanced at the clubs. The Duke some dozen years since, might often be seen at the Senior United Service Club, dining on a joint; and on one occasion, when he was charged fifteenpence, instead of a shilling for it, he bestirred himself till the odd threepence was struck off. The motive was obvious: he took the trouble of objecting, to give his sanction to the principle.

ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS OF THE DUKE.

Some twenty years since, when the Duke was Prime Minister, one morning, a clerk of the Ordnance Office was called upon by a gentleman, a native of the same place, in the north of Scotland, with himself, who then for the first time had visited England. He stated that he had that morning arrived, and had come to him to introduce him to the Duke of Wellington; he being impressed with the idea that his friend in the Ordnance Office was in such a position as could at any time command an interview with one who, if not then master-general, had, at least, formerly held that position. "I—I introduce you the Duke. The thing is out of the question, my good friend; but as you seem bent on it, and have come up from Scotland for no other purpose, possibly if you will go to Apsley House and make known the purport of your calling, the porter may be able to procure you an interview." Disappointed, but nothing daunted, the old Scotch gentleman wended his way up to St. James's Street, and along Piccadilly, until he arrived at the house of the Great Captain. On the gate being opened, he informed the porter that he desired to see the Duke of Wellington. "Have you an appointment with the Duke?" inquired the faithful sentinel. "No; but I wish particularly to see him." There must have been something peculiarly winning, if not commanding, in the manner

and appearance of the venerable stranger; with his silver locks hanging on his shoulders, and who now, without introduction, without a previous appointment, with much earnestness was asking to see the great lord of the mansion ; for the porter, after a while, said, "Sir, if you will give me your card, I will see what can be done." In a few minutes the porter returned, desiring the stranger to walk into the house, where he was shown into a room. He had been there but a short time when the Duke came in with the card in his hand, saying: "Mr. Robertson, what is your business with me? I can afford you ten minutes." "Your Grace," said the patriarchal visitor, his face beaming with intelligence and his countenance brightening with satisfaction, "I have attentively watched your Grace's career from the day you were an ensign up to the present hour. I am now, as your Grace sees, a very old man, and must soon leave this world ; but I felt that I could not be gathered to my fathers in peace without having beheld your Grace. I arrived from Scotland this morning with this sole object. The only wish I had on earth is now gratified, and to-morrow morning I shall set off on my way home again." "Well, Mr. Robertson," said the Duke, "next to the honours I have received from my sovereign, this is certainly the greatest compliment ever paid me. I am now obliged to leave you ; but you will come here to dinner at seven o'clock ; and to-morrow I am going down to Windsor, and shall be happy to take you with me." "No," replied Mr. Robertson, much affected by the interview ; "I have seen your Grace—the longing of my heart is gratified—I want nothing else." And, with a profound bow, he took his leave.—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

Not very long ago, an inhabitant of a large manufacturing town in the west, duly appreciating the honour conferred by an interchange of civilities with the great commander, walked straight up to his Grace, after a short pause of admiration, and addressed him with, "So please your Grace, I should be glad

to have the honour of shaking hands with you." "By all means," answered the Duke frankly, extending his hand, "by all means; I am always glad to shake hands with an honest man;" and accompanied the declaration with a hearty grasp. The applicant for the hand of the noble Duke went away delighted at having obtained his wish, and declares that the "aristocracy are not so bad after all." The above is a fact which we have on good authority.—*John Bull.*

THE DUKE AND THE ARTISTS.

It will, doubtless, be recollected that the Duke became the purchaser of one of the large pictures of Waterloo, painted by Sir William Allan, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. After the picture had become the property of the Duke, the artist was instructed to call at the Horse Guards on a certain day, to receive payment. Punctual to the hour appointed, Sir William met his Grace, who proceeded to count out the price of the picture, when the artist suggested that, to save the time of one whose every hour was devoted to his duty, a cheque might be given on the Duke's bankers. No answer was vouchsafed, however, and Sir William, naturally supposing that his modest hint might not have been heard, repeated it:—"Perhaps your Grace would give me a cheque on your bankers; it would save you the trouble of counting notes." This time the old hero had heard, and whether irritated at being stopped in the middle of his enumeration, or speaking his real sentiments, we know not, but turning half round, he replied with rather a peculiar expression of voice and countenance—"And do you suppose I would allow Coutts's people to know what a fool I had been?" We give the anecdote as it circulates among the friends of Sir William Allan, by whom it was told with great good-humour. It reflects no discredit on either party. Their ideas of art were certainly very different.

Mr. Weigall, jun., a young and rising artist, having painted

a miniature of a lady of rank, which was much admired at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, the lady, partly with a wish to serve the young artist, and also to preserve an original likeness of the Duke, whose friendship she enjoyed, succeeded in getting his Grace to make an appointment to sit to Mr. Weigall and his father, for a bust and miniature at the same time; the lady kindly undertaking to come and keep the noble sitter engaged in conversation at the time. The Duke rode to the artist's residence, Somerset Street, Portman Square. The Duke was dressed as he wished to be taken, wearing his various orders, and had on his blue dress coat, with the star on his breast.

Over these he wore a light grey paletot, which he proceeded to take off; but not accomplishing it very readily, Mr. W. went towards him, and offered his assistance; he almost rudely told him to keep his hands off. After much difficulty he succeeded; and then commenced taking off his large jack boots. After many efforts he succeeded in kicking off a boot, and with it went the dress-shoe; but the artist thought from the rebuff already given, he had better not interfere, and allowed him to pick it up himself, which he did.

The Duke wished to be painted standing, and, for this purpose, he remained in an erect position for a considerable time; and the artist had some trouble to get him to sit, assuring him that, while the face was being painted, it was really desirable; he then said: "Well, gentlemen, I am entirely in your hands, and will do what you think best." As soon as he had taken his seat, he said, "I know how to sit very well: Lawrence told me; you see I keep my eyes on the same spot, and then the artist always sees one point: if I do not keep my eyes on the same spot, of course he does not see the same thing; and (turning to his friend) these gentlemen should be considered, for they have not only to observe and imitate, but to verify what they see. I suppose they begin by getting one feature correct, and then commence upon another, until the

whole is finished." And he observed at the same time, that that was the way all difficult undertakings were accomplished. This was the Duke's view of the subject. At one time he turned suddenly round to the artist and remarked, "There is one peculiarity about my head which Chantrey told me of:" and putting his hand to three sides of his head, said, "flat here, sir—flat here, sir—and flat here, sir!" and, with his finger up, continued, "three sides of a square;" again repeating, "that I know, for Chantrey told me so." Mr. W. then took the opportunity of saying that he would like to verify the model by the actual measurement; but had some delicacy in making the proposal. The Duke immediately said, "By all means, whatever is necessary;" and taking up the compasses, handed them to the artist, who had thus the opportunity of minutely measuring every feature in that remarkable face.

On comparing the same with the bust by Nollekens, which was taken when the Duke was in the prime of life, it is curious to observe the difference in the proportions that time had made.

At the third sitting, the artist remarked to the Duke that he did not wear his orders, when he took them out of his pocket in a crumpled piece of paper, and placed them on his breast, observing—"I did not put them on before coming out, for the worst of it is, I find the people think I am after something. Now, on Saturday, when I was coming here, I saw a fellow running by my side. I turned round my horse and asked him where he was running to? He said, '*To see where you are going to!*' 'Well then,' I remarked, 'I am going through Stanhope Gate,' and darted off."

An interesting little girl was present during the sitting, and amused herself with some childish attempts at drawing what she called the "windows of the opposite house," which she desired to draw the Duke's attention to. Patting her on the head, he observed, "Very meritorious! very ingenious! I'm considered a great favourite with children. I was at the house of Lord S—— the other day, and a fine little fellow was there

who had evidently been told that I was coming, and was on the look out for me. He called soldiers 'Rub-a-dubs.' As soon as I went in he came up to me, and said, 'You are not a Rub-a-dub at all, for you don't wear a red coat!'" His Grace soon, however remarked, that he was not always fortunate with children. "I was lately," said the Duke, "in the house of a French marquis; they brought in a little child to see me; I wanted to take it in my arms, but the child seemed to have a great aversion to me, and shrunk from me; so I said to the little thing, 'Pourquoi?' and, clinging to the nurse, it said, 'Il bat tout le monde!' I suppose she had heard her nurse say so, and thought I should beat *her*."

At the fourth and last sitting to Mr. Weigall, jun., on the 18th of November last, the Duke was looking remarkably well (having just returned from Walmer), and the artist noticed that the markings on the forehead, which he had observed particularly at the previous sittings, had nearly disappeared. The Duke observed that he never was in better health. His eyesight was excellent, and in proof of this, he said, "I have been lately reading without glasses." It was hinted by one of the party that he must have been near-sighted when young; but he retorted emphatically, "By no means: when I was in India, I have seen troops twenty miles off with the naked eye; and I could distinguish the cavalry from infantry, and also those that were stationary from those that were in motion. Subsequent information proved that I was correct." He added, "I can now, at Walmer, on clear nights, see when they light up at Calais, with the naked eye."

When Mr. Weigall, jun., had finished his miniature, his Grace remarked: "Very good; but there is one thing in it that is not historically correct—you have put a glove in my hand: I never wear gloves. However, it is of no consequence; I don't want it altered; I ought to wear them." The miniature has been engraved, and circulated among the Duke's private friends and admirers; but we trust that it will soon be more popularly known.

UNPOPULARITY OF THE DUKE IN 1830 AND 1832.

In November, 1830, the Duke's declaration of his intention to resist any measure of Reform which might be produced, rendered him as unpopular a minister as he had been a popular soldier. On Tuesday, the 9th of November, the sovereign was expected to dine with the Lord Mayor, at Guildhall, according to custom; this being the first Lord Mayor's day after the accession of William IV. The prevalent feeling of discontent rendered this visit not advisable in the opinion of the Lord Mayor elect (Alderman Key), who received various letters, stating it to be the intention of a set of desperate men to attack the Duke; and believing himself justified by evident symptoms of disaffection, he addressed a letter to his Grace, which, from its alarming character, prevented the projected visit. There was cause for apprehension, and even alarm. Private information had been received by the ministry of a proposed attack upon the residence of the Duke. Inflammatory handbills were circulated; "not written papers," said Sir Robert Peel, "drawn up by illiterate persons, and casually dropped in the streets, but printed handbills, not ill-adapted for the mischievous purpose they were intended to answer." Under these circumstances, the Government advised His Majesty to defer the visit. The greater share of the public condemnation of this advice fell upon the Duke, with whom Alderman Key and Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter had an interview upon the matter, which, as reported to the Court of Aldermen by Sir Claudius Hunter, in the "says he" and "says I" style, greatly provoked the laughter of the honourable Court.

As soon as this determination became known, great was the consternation of all ranks. The public funds fell, and mercantile confidence was generally interrupted. The entertainment at Guildhall was deferred; and instead of civic festivities, the city was disturbed by the rumbling of artillery, and the passage of troops. The Tower ditch was filled with water, and other

precautions were taken to put that fortress into a state of security.* Extra guards were placed at the Bank and at the Magazine in Hyde Park, while large bodies of troops were billeted in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. These precautions were believed to have emanated from the Duke. However, the civil authorities were able to meet the crisis.

The Duke's own account of the matter places his Grace's character in the most humane light. "I would have gone," said he to Sir William Knighton, "if the law had been equal to protect me; but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it; but that was a military force? If firing had begun, who could tell when it was to end? One guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten."

Again, "Don't talk to me," said the Duke, when he was told that the visitors to the Lord Mayor's dinner could be easily protected: "*I know what street fighting is.*"

However, in 1832, the Reform Bill excitement was rekindled. The measure was passed, as before, in the Lower House, but rejected in the House of Lords. The principal opponents of the Bill were attacked in the street by the populace, and the Duke came in for the greatest share of this odium; he was hooted by the mob, who destroyed the windows of Apsley House, since which they have been defended by iron shutter-blinds. In December following, the popular violence increased, and the ministry resigned. Lord Lyndhurst was sent for; and on communicating with the Duke, "I should be ashamed to crawl about this metropolis if, under such circumstances, I did not go to the King," were the first words of his Grace. The

* So says Mr. Hughes, in his continuation of Hume and Smollet's History; but this supposed menace was the cleansing of the Tower Ditch, under the suggestion of the Duke as constable of that fortress, and suggested simply by the removal of Old London Bridge.

knowledge that the great opponent of the Bill was likely to be recalled, soon spread. A terrible excitement was exhibited throughout England. Preparations were made for a great public tragedy: warrants were prepared; the leaders of political unions were to be apprehended; troops began to march on disaffected places; and the monetary interest felt the shock. On the walls of the metropolis were placarded the significant words, "To stop the Duke, go for gold!" The bill bore no printer's name, but is understood to have emanated from a stationer in Oxford-street. A run upon the specie of the Bank ensued, and 1,500,000*l.* were paid in a few days. Lord Lyndhurst found it impossible to form a ministry, and Earl Grey was recalled.

EQUESTRIAN STATUES OF THE DUKE IN LONDON.

There are two equestrian statues of his Grace in the metropolis: one at the area of the Royal Exchange, and the second upon the Green Park arch, nearly opposite Apsley House. Both were erected by public subscription. The City statue was suggested, and its erection superintended by, Mr. T. B. Simpson, a member of the Common Council; who, since the Duke's death, has proposed a statue of his Grace, to be placed with a memorial clock, at the south end of London Bridge. The City statue was left unfinished by Chantrey. Out of the close contest for its execution arose the erection of the second statue, or "Wellington group," for which the large sum of 30,000*l.* was raised. This group was entirely executed by Matthew Cotes Wyatt, at Dudley Grove House, Harrow Road. The model occupied Mr. Wyatt and his son James upwards of three years, and required 100 tons of plaster of Paris. The group represents the Duke of Wellington, as he appeared on the field of Waterloo, upon his favourite horse, Copenhagen, in a standing position. The Duke sat to the sculptor for the portrait: the head is remarkably fine, and the likeness good; the warrior wears his customary short cloak, which the artist

has draped somewhat classically. The entire group weighs 40 tons ; its height approaches 30 feet; and such is the bulk of the horse, that eight persons have dined within one half of it. It has been stated that the metal is from guns captured by the Duke in his various campaigns, and contributed by the Board of Ordnance ; this was promised, but only one gun was given by the Ordnance—to cast the head ; and from three to four tons of the rest of the forty were contributed on a division of what was left from the City statue of the Duke, between the Nelson monument (for the capital) in Trafalgar Square, and the Wellington group on the Green Park statue.

SALTER'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE WATERLOO BANQUET.

One of the most important works of art which have originated from the memorable action at Waterloo, is the well-known picture of the Banquet given annually by the Duke on the 18th of June, painted by Mr. William Salter.

The painter chanced to be in Hyde Park, on the evening of the banquet, riding a spirited horse past Apsley House, and thus obtained a glance at the interior of the Duke's dining-room, all the windows of which were open on account of the heat of the weather. The brilliancy of the company, the splendour of the room, and the important event commemorated by the banquet, immediately suggested to the artist a fine subject for his pencil ; and during the night, he arranged it, as far as practicable, in his own mind. The next step was to apply to Lady Burghersh, a liberal patroness of the artist, and to whom he had given instructions in drawing. Her ladyship at once consented to interest herself to obtain the Duke's permission, and for this purpose introduced the painter to his Grace, who peremptorily refused, alleging that the subject was a very difficult one, required to be well treated, and doubted whether so young an artist would be able to devote time and means to ensure success. The Duke, however, was induced by

Lady Burghersh to reconsider the application; and at a subsequent interview, his Grace consented to sit, and gave orders for Mr. Salter's admission to Apsley House, with permission to study the accessories of the picture from the magnificent services of plate and table ornaments, at the same time that the order of the party at the dinner-table was arranged, before the painter commenced on the large canvas. The great work was painted by Mr. Salter, at No. 59, Pall Mall, and occupied him nearly five years: it contains upwards of seventy portraits, the sittings for which were very numerous, and often difficult to obtain. The likenesses are all acknowledged to be excellent. By a most skilful contrivance, the painter has broken the uniformity of the line of guests round the dinner-table, and has selected the best point of time for a good picture, namely, when the Duke has risen to address the company.

Since the picture was completed, time has thinned the number of guests; the great hero himself has passed from among them, and the Waterloo Banquet will hereafter be but as a tale that is told. In the meantime, the picture has acquired additional value: it has been engraved for Alderman Moon, a worthy successor of Alderman Boydell, with great success, but the painting remains unsold, in the artist's possession: though this fine picture of the greatest event of modern times surely deserves place in our national collection.

BEHNES'S COLOSSAL BUST OF THE DUKE.

This noble bust was executed in marble late in 1851, and was a commission from the King of Prussia to the sculptor, Mr. Behnes. The bust is more than twice the size of life, and is remarkable for its truthful rendering of the characteristics of the great original. The likeness is perfect both in features and expression; the general air of repose, and the benevolent play of the mouth, being most successfully caught. Although the head measures sixteen inches from the crown to the chin, the

treatment is so natural, that the difference from the ordinary magnitude is scarcely to be perceived.

WHAT THE DUKE COULD GO THROUGH IN ONE DAY, IN 1852.

The last anniversary meeting of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House was an extremely wet day; still it did not prevent the illustrious Master joining his colleagues at Tower Hill, and accompanying them to Deptford. There, as it continued to rain heavily, a carriage had been provided to convey his Grace to the Trinity Alms-houses; but Sir John Pelly, the deputy-master, could not persuade his Grace to enter the carriage. "I prefer walking," said the Duke; and, accordingly, he marched at the head of the brethren, first taking out of his pocket a Mackintosh cape, which he threw over his shoulders; and, during his progress to the alms-houses, which nearly occupied an hour, he was amused with the remarks of the crowd, and to many of the young folks he gave biscuits. At the alms-houses, each of the brethren is presented with a bouquet; and the struggle amongst the girls has always been to get that of the Duke, who has invariably given his away on these occasions, as the lucky recipient is sure of very soon getting a husband. Such is the belief amongst the fair residents at Deptford. The business at the alms-houses having terminated, the girls crowded round the great warrior, to obtain his bouquet. The Duke enjoyed their suspense very much; at last, seeing a charming girl in the second or third rank, he pushed through the crowd, and passed the bouquet into her hands. His Grace returned with the party to the banquet at the Trinity House, and, on sitting down, he appeared in excellent spirits, saying to the chairman: "I have to be at the Queen's juvenile party, at Windsor, to-night, so you will let me away early." He, however, remained until nearly ten, when he had to return to Apsley House, to change his dress, and then join the royal circle before midnight at Windsor Castle.

THE DUKE AND SIR DAVID BAIRD.

Sir David Baird frequently alluded to the judicious and friendly attention bestowed on his nephew, Sir Alexander Gordon, by the Duke, and once, in the following remarkable memoir, to Sir John Malcolm, who relates the anecdote :—"I never saw Baird from 1803, when he spoke very sorely about Wellesley being so often (as he called it) put over his head, until ten years afterwards, when I met him in Hyde Park. He then came up with open hand and heart, saying, 'Times are changed; no one knows so well as you how severely I felt the preference given on several occasions to your friend Wellesley; but now I see all these things in a far different point of view. It is the highest pride of my life that anybody should ever have dreamed of my being put into the balance with him. His fame is now to me joy, and I may almost say, glory; and his kindness to me and mine has all along been most distinguished. I know both him and myself *now*."

It is satisfactory to add, the last time those two distinguished officers met, they parted with perfect cordiality, and ever after maintained a mutual esteem and friendly intercourse, which ended only with the life of Sir David.

WATCH PRESENTED BY THE KING OF SPAIN.

The Duke possessed a remarkably handsome and well constructed gold Breguet watch, which was presented to him by Ferdinand, King of Spain. This timekeeper is a "montre de touche," in which the hours are indicated by eleven projecting studs round the rim of the case; while the pendant marks twelve o'clock. In the centre of the back of the case, is placed an index or hand; which, when moved forward, stops at the position of the hour indicated by the watch, which, by means of the studs and pendant, can be easily felt and counted;—for instance, at half-past two, the index stops in the middle of the space between the second and third stud from the pendant.

THE DUKE AT THREE CORONATIONS.

His Grace had the honour of officiating at the Coronations of George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria, as Lord High Constable of England; and his presence in the procession upon each occasion, with his staff and his bâton as Field Marshal, attracted considerable interest even amidst these gorgeous displays of regality.

The Coronation of George IV. was, by many degrees, the most impressive spectacle, from the minute attention paid to the characteristic costumes of the personages in the antiquated ceremonial; for to magnificence, the coronations of the successors of George IV. made slight pretension as *spectacles*. In the delivery of the Regalia, the Lord High Constable handed the sword of state to the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain; and St. Edward's crown being presented to the Lord High Constable by the Dean of Westminster, His Grace delivered it to the Lord Great Chamberlain. In the procession, the Duke walked immediately before the bearer of the Regalia,—"the Lord High Constable, in his robes, his coronet in his hand, with his staff, attended by a page carrying his bâton of Field Marshal." Sir Walter Scott, in his celebrated letter, a masterpiece of descriptive writing, says:—

"If you ask me to distinguish who bore him best, and appeared most to sustain the character we annex to the assistance of such a solemnity, I have no hesitation to name Lord Londonderry, who, in the magnificent robes of the Garter, with the cap and high plume of the order, walked alone, and, by his fine face and majestic person, formed an adequate representative of the order of Edward III., the costume of which was worn by his Lordship only. *The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels,* moved *and looked deserving the bâton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand.*"

At the grand banquet in Westminster Hall, the Lord High Constable was still more prominent: before the dishes were placed upon the tables, the great doors at the bottom of the

Hall were thrown open to the sound of trumpets, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, the Marquis of Anglesey, as Lord High Steward, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Deputy Earl Marshal, entered the door on horseback, and remained for some minutes under the archway. The Duke was mounted on a beautiful white charger, gorgeously trapped. Again, before the second course, the great gate was thrown open to sound of trumpets, the Duke rode as one of the companions of the Champion in proclaiming the challenge,—"the Lord High Constable, in his robes and coronet, and collar of his order, on horseback, with the constable's staff, attended by two pages."

At the coronation of William IV., the Duke, as Lord High Constable, walked in similar state; and we remember that in retiring after "the Homage," His Grace was loudly cheered. And at the same stage of the coronation of Her Majesty, says the report, "there was no indication of popular feeling until the Duke of Wellington presented himself before Her Majesty, to do homage, when the shout of enthusiastic recognition was immediately raised, and prolonged even after His Grace had descended from the theatre." During the greater part of the ceremony, the Duke's position was opposite the Ambassador's Box, wherein stood very prominently his old antagonist, Marshal Soult.

THE DUKE AS A MUSICAL AMATEUR.

The Duke was born of a musical family: his grandfather was an excellent performer on the violin; and the Duke's father, the Earl of Mornington, when a youth, mastered Corelli's Sonatas, then the climax of violin playing: he received the degree of Doctor and Professor of Music from the University of Dublin; and there is not a glee-singer in the country who is not familiar with the Earl of Mornington's name, by the "Here in cool Grot" for four voices. A volume

of the noble Earl's glees was edited by Sir Henry R. Bishop. The Duke, like his father, had a great love for music, and resembled him in the strong liking for massive harmony, as developed in the works of Handel. His Grace was not a practical amateur; but he was consistently a supporter both of opera and oratorio. The young soldier never lost an occasion in his continental campaigns, of sending a *prima donna* of note or a *danseuse* of distinction to this country; and in troubled times, when travelling was not quite so facile as at present, *cantatrici* found their way here with an aide-de-camp's despatches, or with a diplomatist's luggage, on the Duke's interest and kind recommendation. Since the peace, there has been no more constant patron and visitor at the Italian Opera-house than the Duke, who was as regular in his opera attendance as he was in his parliamentary duties: what *habituè* of Her Majesty's Theatre can forget the Duke's presence in his well-known pit box; and the marked attention which he paid to the performances.

The Duke was one of the Presidents of the Royal Musical Festival in Westminster Abbey, in 1834; and during the performances, His Grace sat immediately under the Royal Box. His Grace was also one of the last Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music (now discontinued), and took great pains to preserve that olden institution. The Duke took especial interest in the compositions and musical parties of the Earl of Westmoreland. At the performances of his Lordship's opera, "Catherine," at her Majesty's Theatre, and of "Il Torneo," at the St. James's Theatre, the Duke took an active part for the amateur composer's success; and in the selection of the programme for his particular concert, the Duke was opposed to all innovation. He liked the received works of the great choral masters, particularly of Handel. The director had the choice of the engagements of the principal singers and of the music for the evening. Avison's trio and chorus, "Sound the loud timbrel," with its "Praise to the Conqueror,"

whose "word was our arrow, and whose breath was our sword," generally found its way to the Duke's programme. As at the opera, his Grace never missed one of the series of eight concerts; but, as advanced age stole on him, the music seemed to cause a somniferous influence on him, and the Duke's nap at an Ancient Concert became a byword.

For many years, both at his town and country residences, the Duke gave musical *soiréés*, at which the most distinguished *artistes*, native and foreign, were engaged. At "Il Torneo," his Grace was one of the most animated in his calls for the Earl, then Lord Burghersh, to appear on the stage at the conclusion of the opera. The Duke was much interested in the success of the Royal Academy of Music, and, with the Duchess, gave to the Institution upwards of 200*l*. Let it be added to the memory of the great warrior and statesman, that his purse was always open to the distressed musician.

In secular music, the Duke was extremely partial to Mozart, a taste created by the circumstance that at the period when his Grace first became a frequenter of the Italian Opera-house (King's Theatre), Mozart's star was in the ascendant, and "Cosi fan tutte," "Il Flauto Magico," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "La Clemenza di Tito," and "Don Giovanni," were standard works of the repertory. Moreover, there can be no doubt that the Duke's great admiration of the vocal genius of the celebrated contralto, Signora Grassini (the aunt of Grisi), fixed his operatic taste and predilections. It is not a little curious that Grassini should have had as admirers two of the greatest military men of the age—Napoleon and Wellington. Both warriors were her earnest patrons. The singing of "Paga Fui," from Winter's "Ratto di Proserpina," by Grassini, always excited in the Duke's mind the strongest feelings of delight.

Sir Henry Bishop, the conductor of the Ancient Concerts, relates several traits of the Duke's thorough business-like attention to his duties as director. His Grace's correspon-

dence and "programmes," which he corrected and altered with his own hand, are singularly clear and specific in the directions for his night. The Duke's night was generally one of the most expensive of the series. The Directors laid down rules for their guidance as to the outlay; but the Duke's first remark to Sir Henry Bishop used to be, "I must have a good concert." When Sir Henry gently hinted at times that his Grace was exceeding the prescribed limit, the Duke would reply, "Never mind the expense—I will pay the difference." The punctuality of his Grace in his attendance was very remarkable. It was customary for each Director to give a dinner to his brother Directors prior to the concert; to these dinners the Conductor was invited. The first time Sir Henry (then Mr. Bishop) dined at Apsley House, on the evening of the concert, he kept looking at his watch after the dinner, anxious not to be over time for the departure to the Hanover-square Rooms. The Duke looked at Mr. Bishop, and asked if it were time to go: "There is yet a quarter of an hour to spare," was the reply. "Very well," rejoined his Grace; "remember, Mr. Bishop, we are under your orders." Mr. Bishop was conversing with Lord Ellenborough, and the Duke got into earnest conversation with a noble Director, when suddenly his Grace broke off and turned round to the Conductor, and said, "It is time." Mr. Bishop looked at his watch, and found the quarter of an hour had elapsed to a second.

In a programme of the season 1847, the Earl of Mornington's name appears to the glee, "Here in cool Grot." The Duke, on seeing the name, said to Sir Henry Bishop, "Ah, my worthy father! Could he compose?" "Yes," replied the Conductor, "he has composed music which any Professor would be proud to claim." "Ah, indeed," rejoined the Duke, "I am glad to hear it!" Another entry in his Grace's handwriting is "Staudigl's name for the song from Haydn's 'Seasons,' 'He layeth the beams.'" The Duke was partial to bass voices, and of that class Staudigl and Phillips

were his favourite singers.—*Selected and abridged from the Illustrated London News.*

THE DUKE'S VISITS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

His Grace paid several visits to the Crystal Palace, in Hyde Park, during its construction; one of which, on the morning of April 16, was attended with this interesting incident: The Duke was accompanied by his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro, and after walking through the transept, proceeded eastward, to the Foreign Department, where he paused to observe one of the exhibitors unpacking various costly articles of gold and silver plate. At the moment of the Duke's approach was uncovered a pair of silver equestrian statuettes of the Duke himself, and his once formidable rival Napoleon. The great Captain smiled at the association; and to an inquiring look of the exhibitor, quietly nodded assent. The news instantly spread that the Duke of Wellington was within "the French territory," and in a few moments, probably for the first time in his life, the noble and gallant Duke was *surprised* and surrounded by a body of Frenchmen; hats were at once raised to the British hero, who, having returned a military salute, passed on to the next department. We question if there occurred a more suggestive incident within the cosmopolitan Palace of Peace.

The Duke was present at the opening of the Exhibition on May 1. His Grace arrived, with the Marchioness of Douro, at ten o'clock; and the knowledge that it was his birthday, perhaps, contributed to increase in volume and in warmth the hearty cheering with which he was greeted as he passed to his place near the central area. In the royal procession which formed part of the opening ceremony, the Duke walked with the Marquis of Anglesey, immediately preceding Her Majesty's Ministers. His Grace and the Marquis attracted much attention, the Duke supporting himself upon his more

aged companion, while both seemed highly gratified in their tour of inspection. At the close of the ceremony, the Duke repaired to Buckingham Palace, to present to his royal godson, Prince Arthur, a jewelled casket, this being the infant's birth-day.

Upon another visit of his Grace to the Exhibition, on Monday, Oct. 13, an incident occurred, which, for a moment, occasioned some anxiety. When the crowd assembled within the building was at its culminating point, it was suddenly discovered that the Duke of Wellington was present. Instantly hats were taken off, and there burst forth loud cheers, which were prolonged with immense energy. Those who were at a distance, were surprised by an unwonted agitation which they could not understand, fancied that there was something wrong, and rushed towards the doors. The Duke also felt the awkwardness of his position, and beat a retreat. His great age did not permit him to execute such movements with the precision and firmness of his earlier years, but he made his way, nevertheless, to the south entrance of the transept with surprising alacrity, followed, as he went, by the most vigorous demonstrations of popular regard. Superintendent Pearce, with great tact, stopped the rush towards the place of exit, and by his judicious management, the fears of the most timid spectators were in a few minutes effectually quieted.

WELLINGTON MONUMENT COMPLETED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE DUKE'S DEATH.

In September, 1827, the Duke honoured the Marquis of Londonderry with a visit at his Lordship's seat, Wynyard Park, Durham ; to commemorate which event, the erection of a monument was soon after commenced ; its progress was delayed by various circumstances until September 1852, and the last stone had scarcely been fixed in its place, when the melancholy tidings of the Great Captain's death reached the ears of the workmen ; and changed, as it were, the pillar of triumph, into a cenotaph of grief.

LACONICS, &c.

FROM THE DESPATCHES, SPEECHES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DUKE.

A great country can never wage a little war.

In military operations, time is everlasting.

The only mode of avoiding party spirit in the army, is for the commanding-officer to be of no side excepting that of the public; to employ indiscriminately those who best serve the public, be they what they may, or in whatever service; the consequence will be that the service will go on, all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him; there will be an end to their petty disputes about trifles; and the commanding-officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party.

It is necessary for a man who fills a public situation, and who has great public interests in charge, to lay aside all private considerations, whether on his own account or that of other persons.

When war is concluded, all animosity should be forgotten.

There is an awkwardness in a secret which enables discerning men invariably to find it out; and it may be depended upon that, whenever the public business ought to be kept secret, it always suffers when it is exposed to public view. For this reason, secrecy is always best; and those who have been long trusted with the conduct of public affairs, are in the habit of never making known public business of any description, that it is necessary the public should know. The consequence is that secrecy becomes natural to them, and as much a habit as it

is to others to talk of public matters; and they have it in their power to keep things secret or not, as they think proper. Remember that what I recommend is far removed from mystery; in fact, I recommend silence upon the public business upon all occasions, in order to avoid the necessity of mystery upon any.

Without distinction of religion, every man ought to be called upon to do service to the State, wherever he is particularly qualified to do that service.

It frequently happens, that the people who do commit outrages and disturbances, have some reason to complain; but he who breaks the law must be considered in the wrong, whatever may have been the nature of the provocation which he has received.

I would sacrifice Gwalior, or every portion of India, ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith, and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and the peace (1803), and we must not fritter them away in arguments, drawn from overstrained principles of the laws of nations, which are not understood in this country. What brought me through many difficulties in the war, and the negotiations for peace? The British good faith, and nothing else.

Having known Malta for a period of nearly twenty years (1839), I really believe that, on the face of the globe, there is not a place of the same extent and population, that possesses one thousandth part of its riches and resources of all descriptions.

A war carried on by militia, volunteers, and troops of that description, will infallibly be carried on after the manner of civil wars.

I apprehend that, according to the law of England, any individual is at liberty to complain of the conduct of a magistrate, and proceed against him in a court of law. It is in accordance

only with the *Code Napoleon*, with the code of laws of that high priest of liberalism, the Emperor Napoleon, that the consent of the Council of State should be given, before a justice, misconducting himself, can be tried and punished.

It has been my lot to live among idolaters—among persons of all creeds and of all religions; but I never knew yet of a single instance in which public means were not provided, sufficient to teach the people the religion of their country. They might be false religions; I know but of one true one; but yet means were never wanting to teach those false religions; and I hope that we shall not have done with this subject, until we have found sufficient means for teaching the people of England their duty to their Maker, and their duty to one another, founded on their duty to that Maker.

The foundation of all justice is truth; and the mode of discovering truth has always been to administer an oath, in order that the witness may give his depositions under a high sanction.

County meetings, if properly regulated, are a fair constitutional way of taking the sense of the county; but this cannot be the case, if they are attended by a mob, for the purpose of supporting one side.

I do not admit the right of one country to interfere with the internal affairs of another country, except where the law of necessity or great political interests may render interference absolutely necessary. But I say that non-interference is the rule, and interference the exception.

I am one of those who have, probably, passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally in civil war; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the

country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say, there is nothing which destroys property, eats up prosperity by the roots, and demoralises the character to the degree that civil war does; in such a crisis the hand of man is raised against his neighbour, against his brother, and against his father; servant betrays master, and the whole scene ends in confusion and devastation.

I am resolved to tell plainly and honestly what I think, quite regardless of the odium I may incur from those whose prejudices my candour and sincerity may offend. I am here to speak the truth, and not to flatter the prejudices and prepossessions of any man. In speaking the truth, I shall utter it in the language that truth itself most naturally suggests. It is upon her native strength—upon her own truth—it is upon her spiritual character, and upon the purity of her doctrines, that the Church of England rests. It is by these means, and not by tests and proscriptions, that Protestantism has been maintained: let her be assured of this.

The great bulk of the Roman Catholics are as much interested as the Protestants of the established Church in maintaining the safety of the established Church.

There is a great deal of difference between casually admitting dissenters, and permitting them to enter into the Universities as a matter of right. I see no objection to the admission of the few now admitted, who must submit to the regulations and discipline of the University, and of its several colleges; but I do object to the admission of dissenters into the Universities by right; and my reason for making this exception is, that I am exceedingly desirous that the religion taught there should be the religion of the Church of England: and I confess I should be very apprehensive that, if dissenters of all denominations were admitted by right, and they were not under the necessity of submitting to the rules and regu-

lations of the several colleges, not only would the religion of the Church of England not be taught, but no kind of religion whatever. I state this on the authority of a report which I have recently received of the proceedings of an institution in this country for the instruction of children of dissenting clergymen; from which it appears absolutely impossible, for any length of time, to adhere to any creed, or any tenet or doctrine in these seminaries, in which every kind of doctrine is matter of dispute and controversy.

I know nothing about landlords, farmers, or labourers, when I am advocating a legislative question of a public nature in this House (Lords). I have nothing to say to them any farther than as their interests are identified with those of the community at large. In all retreats, it must be recollected that they are safe and easy in proportion to the number of attacks made by the retreating corps.

I mistrust the judgment of every man in a case in which his own wishes are concerned. Half the business of the world, particularly that of our country, is done by accommodation, and by the parties understanding each other; but when rights are claimed they must be resisted, if there are no grounds for them; when appeal must be made to higher powers, there can be no accommodation, and much valuable time is lost in reference which ought to be spent in action.

To write an anonymous letter is the meanest action of which any man can be guilty.

The enthusiasm of the people is very fine, and looks well in print, but I have never known it to produce anything but confusion. In France, what was called enthusiasm, was power and tyranny, acting through the medium of popular societies, which have ended by overturning Europe, and in establishing the most powerful and dreadful tyranny that ever

existed. In Spain the enthusiasm of the people spent itself in *vivas* and vain boasting. The notion of its existence prevented even the attempt to discipline the armies; and its existence has been alleged, ever since, as the excuse for the rank ignorance of the officers, and the indiscipline and constant misbehaviour of the troops.—*Dispatch*, Dec. 10, 1811.

One of the causes of debts being incurred in this country is, in a great degree, the power which creditors at present (1837) possess to arrest their debtors upon *mesne* process; and I still further believe, that it is the facility which is thus given of obtaining credit, that has been the cause of the great mercantile prosperity of the country. The enormous transactions upon public credit are such, that both individuals and the public generally require further means of recovering debts than exist in other countries.

The numbers of a meeting, that is to say, such an assembly of persons as would create terror in the minds of people living in the neighbourhood, would justify the magistrate in taking measures to disperse it.

I hope that it may never be lost sight of in this country, that the original foundation of the independence of Belgium, as a separate kingdom, was this condition, namely, its perpetual neutrality. That condition I consider to have been the foundation of that transaction, and I hope this will never be forgotten by this country, or by Europe.

To constitute an effectual blockade, it is unnecessary to say the port in question must be actually blockaded; and further, that notice must have been given of such a blockade. No capture could be made without previously warning off vessels. There are various modes of notice; but the most authoritative manner of giving notice is through the government of the power to be so warned. It should never be

forgotten, however, that there should be certain means in existence to enforce the blockade at the time of notice.

When a nation is desirous of re-establishing public credit, or, in other words, of inducing individuals to confide their property to its government, they must begin by acquiring a revenue equal to their fixed expenditure; they must manifest an inclination to be honest, by performing their engagements in respect to their debts.

Sound sense is better than abilities.

The theory of all legislation is founded in justice; and if we could be certain that legislative assemblies could on all occasions act according to the principles of justice, there would be no occasion for those checks and guards which we have seen established under the best systems. Unfortunately, however, we have seen that legislative assemblies are swayed by the fears and passions of individuals; when unchecked, they are tyrannical and unjust; nay, more, it unfortunately happens too frequently that the most tyrannical and unjust measures are the most popular. Those measures are particularly popular which deprive rich and powerful individuals of their properties, under the pretence of the public advantage; and I tremble for a country in which there is no barrier for the preservation of private property, excepting the justice of a legislative assembly possessing supreme powers.

I have passed my life in foreign countries, in different regions of the earth, and I have been in only one country in which the poor man, if sober, prudent, and industrious, is quite certain of acquiring a competence. That country is this. We have proofs that persons in the lowest ranks can acquire, not only a competence, but immense riches. I never heard of such a thing in any other country.

I have passed part of my life in the foreign service of my

country; but I most sincerely protest that I never did join with any holy alliance against the liberties of Europe.

If the world were governed by principles, nothing would be more easy than to conduct even the greatest affairs; but, in all circumstances, the duty of a wise man is to choose the lesser of any two difficulties which beset him.

It is our duty, in every case, to do all that we can to promote the Protestant religion. It is our duty to do so, not only on account of the political relations between the religion of the Church of England and the Government, but because we believe it to be the purest doctrine, and the best system of religion, that can be offered to a people.

I have served the sovereigns and the public of this country for fifty years, and throughout the whole of that period I have been exposed to evil report and to good report, and I have still continued to serve on through all report, both good and evil, and thus I confess myself to be completely indifferent to the nature of all reports. (1839).

I have past a long life, I trust with honour, in the service of her Majesty's predecessors. I served her Majesty's predecessors in diplomatic situations and in councils, as well as in the army, and I believe people cannot accuse me of saying one thing and meaning another.

The Duke's favourite aphoristic rule was, that "He who wishes to have anything done well must do it himself."

(See also "Maxims and Opinions of Field-Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington. With a Biographical Memoir by G. H. Francis, Esq." Colburn, 1845.)

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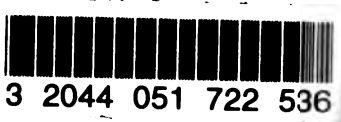
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